



NOTICE.

MR. ROBERT GLASSPOO E LANCASTER, having been appointed in England the attorney of Messrs. Fergusson, Turner and Co. will in future conduct their business in lieu of the undersigned.

JOHN BECKWITH.
Bombay, 20th May, 1835.

SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

THIS day, Wednesday, the 20th inst. at 11 A.M. Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co., will submit for sale, by Public Auction, at their Rooms, the following Goods, vizt. An extensive assortment of Oilman's stores, recently imported, and from the respectable House of J. J. Dickson of London, consisting of assorted Pickles in cases, assorted Sauces, White-wine Vinegar, best Durham Mustard, salted Salmon, Red and White Herrings, best Oatmeal, Pearl Barley, &c. &c. &c.

Also the remainder of an Invoice of Saddlery, consisting of Hunting Saddles and Bridles, Headstall Reins, Bridles complete, Girths, Martin-gales, Curry Combs, &c.

On the same day, will be sold, to close an account—A double barrelled Gun, and two single barrelled Guns, of very superior style, and finish, made by Thomas Jackson Morimer, of St. James's street, London, and a small Invoice of coloured French Kid Gloves, recently imported, a few yards of painted Calico for Table Covers, and at Noon an English Cow in full milk, with Calf by her side, a neat Barouche with Horse and Harness, and any Horses, Carriages, or Cattle that may offer.

Nesbit Lane, 20th May, 1835.

ON Monday next, the 25th inst., at 11 A.M. Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co., will submit for sale, by Public Auction, at "Taralla," late the residence of the Honorable JAS. SUTHERLAND, Esq., a portion of the Household Furniture, and property belonging to that Gentleman, consisting of 4 and 6 Light Lustres, Hanging and Pedestal Argand Lamps, Dining Tables, Card, Sofa and Breakfast Tables, Blackwood and Jackwood Chairs, valuable Oil Paintings and Prints, in burnished Gold Frames, Vase Lamps, double and single branched Wall Shades, Table Shades, five Lamps, Dinner Services, Bamboo Couches, Marble Table, Teapots, Carpets, Bengal, China, and Rattan Mats, Book Cases, an Elegant French Clock—goes very regular and well—an English ditto, by "Allan and Caithness," a small barrel Organ, a handsome Dressing Case, with a large variety of Pale Ale in Bottle, Shiraz Wine, Claret, and Champagne, Madeira, Sherry. A few dozen of Superior "Old Hock" and a small parcel of Muscat Frontignan, of a fine quality, &c. &c. &c.

A Neat Light Chariot, a Saddle Horse, and a variety of Plants, in Tubs and Pots.

Bombay, 20th May, 1835.

FOR SALE.

A London built Cabriolet and Harness, imported per "Sherburne," for particulars apply to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

Bombay, 20th May, 1835.

SALE by Public auction.—On Wednesday, the 27th instant. Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co., will submit for sale, by public auction, without reserve, a variety of Band Instruments, belonging to the 6th Bombay N.I. comprising as follows:—

B. and C. Clarionets, with 8 keys, and Leather cases and mouth pieces. E. and F. ditto, ditto, ditto. B. C. D. and E. Flutes with 1 key. F. and G. Flutes with 4 keys. French Horns and Cases. Basoons, Large Drum, Tambourine, Turkish Cymbals, Trombone, Triangle, Clarionet and Bassoon Reeds.

The Instruments are all in good order, and all commissions for the purchase of any part of the selection, will be duly attended to.

Nesbit Lane, 20th May, 1835.

CARBONELL'S WINES, &c.

FOR SALE, at the Godowns of Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co., the following wines, of superior quality, viz.

Superior old Sherry from—Messrs. Carbonell and Son.....Rs. 26 per doz.
Do old Port do.....24 do do.
Do Claret 1st Growth do "45 do.
Do do, 2d Growth do "30 do.

ALSO.

The following high flavor'd Rhinish Wines, particularly adapted for the prevailing hot weather, Rheingaur per doz.....Rs. 25
Schlos's Johannisberg (Taefel wine) Vintage 1818 19....."25.

Nesbit Lane, 20th May, 1835.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON Tuesday the 2d of June next, Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co. will submit to sale by Public Auction, in the Officers Lines of the 8th Regt. N. I. a suite of Bungalows, at present occupied by Major ROBERTSON, as follows, viz.

(One Bungalow with tattee walls, and iron barred and fixed Venetian Windows, 26 by 26½ with closed rear Veranda.

One Dining Room Bungalow with fixed Venetian window 9 by 29 and one end Veranda 6ft. broad.

One Entre or passage hall 26 by 14 and a covered passage 18 by 6ft. connecting it with porch for carriages.

One drawing room 20 by 30 with a 6ft. Veranda on long side.

One Shamiana 21 by 33 feet.

One large Bungalow, consisting of two apartments, each 32 by 21½ ft. and offices attached, surrounded on 3 sides by a 6ft. veranda; the walls of plank frame work, lined with chintz and matting, and with iron barred windows.

A series of out houses, including godown, dispense, Co okrooms, Coach house and Stable, &c.

— Feet of teakwood compound railing, including three gates, the above property will be on view the day before the sale, when each Bungalow will be put up for sale separately.

TERMS OF SALE.

The Bungalows to be taken down by the present proprietor and erected (if on the Esplanade) for the purchasers by the 15th October next; on or before which date, the same are to be paid for. A plan of the whole may be seen on application to F. B. and Co.

FOR SALE.

AN Invoice of Splendid double and single barrelled Guns, Rifles, and Pistols, from Wm. Parker, London, and recently imported, consisting of:

Best double barrel'd percussion Gun, finished in the highest style, with every late improvement, and completely fitted in Mahogany Case.....Rs. 560

Best single Barrel'd Hair Trigger Rifle, highly finished in every respect, and completely fitted in Case—Ball 16 to the lb....."450

Best ditto, ditto, Rifle, Hair Trigger, fitted as above—Ball 10 to the lb....."400

A highly finished Pea Rifle, plain Lock, complete as above, bore 105 to the lb....."350

With a great variety of Officer's Holster and Pocket Pistols, Blunderbusses, plain Rifles, and low priced Guns, which will be sold off at moderate prices.—Terms of sale—Cash. Apply to Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE AND CO.

Bombay, 20th May, 1835.

FOR SALE.

A Superior London built Stanhope, with set of highly finished Harness. Price 1,250 Rs.

May be seen at the Warehouse of Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE AND Co., to whom application is to be made.

Bombay, 20th May, 1835.

FOR SALE.

THE following valuable publications, viz. Waverley Novels, Tales and Romances, in 48 vols. handsomely bound and lettered. Rupees.....250

"Howard's" Beauties of British Authors, 20 vols....."80

British Gallery of Pictures (Superb Plates) 1 vol....."80

Gems of Art equal in character with the preceding; 1 vol....."80

Apply to Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co.

Bombay, 20th May, 1835.

TO be let—From the 1st of June until the 15th November next, "BELLIS LODGE" situated on the Parrell road, and nearly opposite Lieut. Col. Dickenson's House.

For particulars apply to Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE and Co.

Nesbit Lane, 20th May, 1835.

IN the Press, and will be published in the early part of next month, The NEW MANUAL AND PLATOON EXERCISES.

Price 2 Rs. per copy.

As only a limited number of copies will be struck off to meet the great demand for the work, early applications are required; to be addressed, Post Paid, to Mr. MALVERY, Proprietor of the Circulating Library in Church Lane.

Orders to be accompanied with Remittances, or references for payment, and directions regarding the delivery or transmission of the book.

EAST INDIAN'S FRIEND.

THE PROPRIETOR of the "East Indian's Friend" announces to the numerous subscribers, and the public generally, that that work will not appear again. The Proprietor has come to this determination from the withdrawal of the original Editor some months ago and the great difficulty which has been experienced in finding, consistently with the low price of the work, a competent successor.

A few remaining Copies of the first volume may be had at the Publisher's. Price in Nos. 4 annas per No. Half Bd. in 3ds. 4 Rs. per Vol.

rei hi To China.

THE SCALEBY CASTLE, 1,400 Tons burthen, (formerly belonging to the Hon'ble E. I. Company,) Capt. THOMAS SANGLIS, will sail for China on 8th June, touching at Madras, where she will be detained only a few days.

Apply at the Office of ADAM, SKINNER and Co.

Day's Buildings, 20th May, 1835.

શ્રી. ચીનનું નાવ. ની જાહેર કર.

વાહીણ. ૧૪૦૦ ટનનું. કપ્ટન. થોમસ. સેનગ્લિસ. ચીન તરફ જશે. ૮ જૂનના રોજ મદ્રાસમાં થી નીકળશે.

આપણે તેના ઓફિસમાં જઈને જાણવાની તક મેળવીએ.

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The present Governor has, therefore, a variety of models before him. He may do much, if, at his health permits him to keep the wheel in active motion. Both the interior condition, and exterior relations of this government, require his attention; and it

be for him to devise the means of acting on a creditable and respectable scale, that the fame of our "New Jerusalem" may not suffer in his hands, or lest it be said, that under the mighty have fallen. Arise, spirit of the just and generous! Awaken in us the active and benignant energies of our Founder, and thus, with joy and gladness pervade this land of promise, the seat of the

NEW JERUSALEM.

BOMBAY, 12th May, 1835.

MILITARY ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.
Lieut. J. F. Edridge, Engr. from Raghunagerry.
Lieut. Col. T. Dickinson, Engineers, from the Decan.
Lieut. J. Hale, 22d Regt., N. I., from Ahmedabad.
Capt. Watson, Horse Artillery, from Dera.
Capt. W. Manesty, 8th Regt., N. I.
Lieut. Dennis, 5th Regt., N. I., from Poona.
Lieut. G. S. Brown, 10th Regt., from Tannah.
DEPARTURES.
Lieut. H. S. Watkins, 15th Regt., to Bhoj.
Surgeon C. Scott, 4th Regt., to Ahmednagar.
Lieut. Drummond, 11th Regt., N. I.
Lt. Capt. Hamilton, Queens Royals, to Poona.
Capt. Manesty, 8th Regt., N. I.
Lieut. J. D. Smythe, 4th Regt., to Nuggur.
Ensign G. H. Robertson, 25th Regt., to Dapoolie.
Lieut. W. Bret, H. Artillery, to Poona.

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVALS.
May 15th.—Portuguese Ketch of War Elustozar, A. de Silva, Commander from Demau, 11th May.
Do 17th.—The Hon'ble Company's Brig of War Thetis, Lieut. P. L. Powell, in charge from Surat 14th May.
PASSENGERS.—Lieut. Munro, 40 sepoys, and 15 followers, 16th Regiment N. I.

DEPARTURES.
May 15th.—Grab Brig Downitt Parand, Rustomjee Hormjee Nacquadah, to the Isle of France.
Do 17th.—Ship Alahavie, Alexander Clarke, Master, to Calcutta.

PASSENGERS.—Capt. and Mrs. Andree, and family.
May 17th.—Ship Sherburne, T. J. Warren, Master, to Calcutta.
PASSENGERS.—Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and Miss Scott.

SHIPS LOADING.
For London, John Marsh, Euclis, and Brig Re. course.

Do Liverpool, Otterspool, Mona and Caledonia.
Do Bengal, Lord Castlereagh.
Do China, Caledonia, Helen, Charlotte, and Hor.
Do Upper Bombay, Caledonia, and Syed Khan.
Do Penang, Nasser.
Do Siam, Fitzroy.
Do Mauritius, Gray Dowlet Parand.
Do Malay Coast, Gray Dowlet.
Do Malabar, Brig Navarino.
Do Clyde, Osray.

VESSELS IN THE HARBOUR.
H. Co's, Receiving Ship Hastings—Guard Vessel.
Do, Do, Floating Chapel—Ananda.
Do, Do, Steamer Hugh Lindsay.
Do, Do, Schooner Cyrene.
Do, Do, Brig Thetis.

IN THE DOCK.—Otterspool, Caledonia, Mona, William Ritchie, Kent, Euclis, Osray, Columbia, Scotia, Sealby, Castle, Edinburgh, Mount Stuart, Elphinstone, Resource, and May.

COUNTRY SHIPS.—Charlotte, Charles Forbes, donia, Pascoe, Earl of Clare, General, Hormjee Hormjee, Fitzroy, John, Bannerman, Francis, Warden, George Croftenden, Golconda, Syed Khan, Crab Shaw, Byramgore, Brig Robert Spangle, Brig Prim, Grab Dowlet, Brig and Brig Two Brothers.
Portuguese Vessels—Asia, Infante Regente and Estrella De Damoa.
Arab—H. H. the Imam of Muscat's, Ship Fattel Kurrim.

EXCHANGE.

	BUY.	SELL.
Six per cent Remittable Ls.	139	129
First 5 per cent Loan No. 520, 1st class, 107 2	107 2	07 2
Do 31, a 1000, 2nd class, ...	107	107
Do 1041, a 1010, 3rd class, ...	108 1	108 1
Second 5 per cent Loan, ...	110 3	110
Third 5 per cent Loan, ...	28	28 1
Bills on England, ...	108	7 1
Bills on Calcutta 30 days, ...	101 1	101 1
Bills on Madras 30 days, ...	210 1	210 1
Canton Bills, ...	221	221 1
Spanish Dollars per 100, ...	11	10 1
Sovereigns each, ...		

HIGH WATER TABLE.

	A. M.	P. M.
May 1835.		
20th Wednesday, ...	5 43	5 53
21st Thursday, ...	5 39	7 11
22nd Friday, ...	7 47	8 21

To Correspondents.

We are much obliged to the GENTLEMAN who has favored us with the account of the Coronation of the King of Persia, and regret it is not in our power to give it a place to-day. It shall appear in our next.
A. SUFFERER shall be referred to in our next.
J. P. has been received too late for this day's publication.

THE GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, 20th MAY, 1835.

THE H. C. Brig of War, Thetis, Lieut. Powell in charge, from Surat the 14th instant, and the Ship Ranger, H. B. Guy, Master, from Liverpool the 14th January last, arrived since our last.

Passenger by the Ranger, O. Potter, Esq.

The race of the Tories must, by this time, have been run,—their glass of political existence have sped its course, and their names become a bye word of contempt and pity. Our latest accounts from England left them at sea without a rudder. The high contesting parties had met in open ocean, measured strength, and the crazy Tory bark got shot 'tween wind and water. Her rigging got sadly damaged, and her crew had almost mutinied. It was supposed they would run her ashore among the reefs, and that they would effect their escape as they best could. The very name of Tory seems to bring a pestilence wherever it goes. A very

extraordinary case was tried in the month of December last before the Court of Exchequer, which lets us into some of the secrets of Tory politics. The case is styled, for the sake of distinction, "THE SPY SYSTEM." The circumstances which led to the trial had their origin in the time of that virtuous prince of prime ministers,—Lord Sidmouth, and were, in their nature, similar to those connected with the apprehension and execution of Col. Despard and his deluded followers. The Action was brought by a man of the name of Richmond, for many years known in Scotland by the title of "Richmond the Spy" against the London publishers of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine. The Plaintiff alleged that his character had been deeply injured by some articles which had appeared in the Magazine under the title of "The spy system,—or 'tis thirteen years since." It would appear that Richmond had been employed by Lord Sidmouth to act the part of a spy at Glasgow. He had endeavored to corrupt many of the operatives in that Town, but could not succeed. His object was to get those poor men raised to such a pitch of excitement at the fancied grievances they labored under, as to induce them to rise in arms against the Government, and it was planned that the moment those men were to give their assent, and appear in such guise as would lead to a proof of their intention, Richmond was to give information, and have them seized as Traitors against the State. The Government wanted to victimize some one in order to overawe the multitude, and frighten them into loyalty and obedience, but as the people preserved decency and good order in all their proceedings, this wretch, Richmond, was employed to carry the creditable project of the Government into execution at whatever sacrifice. The sons of the mountains were too early up for him, however, so he had to pocket his chagrin at his disappointment, and his salary from the ministry.

Such were the proceedings of the virtuous Government of 1816 and 1817, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were members of the Government at the time.

In the English Papers it is mentioned as singular that this Trial should have come on at the very time the Tories have howled themselves into power. It throws open a volume from which the people at home may read and learn much, and it will be well for them if they shape their conduct accordingly. It is indeed throwing open the fold to the wolf to allow the abettors of the system of 1817 be the rulers of England in 1835.

An account of this interesting trial will be found in our columns.

As if the cup of bitterness which the country had to swallow in the accession to power of the Tory ministry were not sufficiently full, but a few days had passed after their return to office, and their declaration that they did not intend carrying through the Irish Church Reforms, made, when a scene of the most cold blooded murder of which even Ireland presents but few instances, took place at Rathcormac, in the county of Cork, where thirteen men were shot, and eight others wounded. Those unhappy beings had met together to resist a party of the Military who were to compel a widow woman to pay her tithes to Archdeacon Ryder, in the county of Cork. Such are the results of that most cruel and unjust law by which the Irish are bound to support the Protestant church in that country. Truly the church has assumed her character militant, and with fire and sword will compel her doctrines to be paid for. How long can such a state of things exist? A correspondent of the Times, in speaking of the feeling of horror excited throughout Ireland at this outrage under the new government, gives the following account of the manner in which O'Connell spoke of it, and of the use to which it may likely be turned:

"He declared that he scarcely allowed his imagination to dwell upon the picture of misery and despair to which the eleven wretched families were exposed, thus suddenly and shockingly deprived of fathers, husbands, brothers, and guardians, amidst scenes of maddening oppression on the one hand, and of vengeful excitement on the other. He painted with simple pathos the desolation brought home to the poor man's hearth when the head of the house was laid low in blood, and there were none to speak of hope or consolation. The wild lament of kindred, the cries of orphans, the shrieks of widows, were in his ears, and there were none to comfort, none to speak of justice or protection. The country around the scene of bloodshed was filled with the wildness of affliction. Crowds came to gaze on the spectacle of horror: the women returned to spread alarm, terror, and dismay; the men looked on in the gloomy silence of desperation, still more appalling than the loudest outcry of sorrow. As Mr. O'Connell continued to portray the workings of this awful calamity on the sensitive feelings of his poor and persecuted countrymen, his voice trembled with deep emotion, and often failed him altogether, while attempting to give utterance to some simple image characteristic of rustic feeling, whose force his popular auditory were so well prepared to appreciate. His countenance became convulsed as he proceeded: his whole frame was agitated, and it was evident that he commanded deep and sincere sympathy in the silent assembly that stood around him, by the force of a strong mind pouring forth its feelings in the natural imagery of individual on

the hearts of his and their fellow-countrymen, and in conclusion, begging their pardon for having indulged in thinking aloud amongst them. If they had cheered him at every sentence, I should have thought nothing of it, but his natural eloquence had a surer, higher triumph. I saw some of the reporters lay down their pens and consequently, to listen to his affecting description of domestic sorrows, and behold tears glisten in the eyes of aged men. An Irish multitude is easily moved to the indulgence of any feeling by the oratory of a favourite partisan, but here were men of political business, old stagers at Political Unions, Aggregate Meetings, Volunteer and Catholic Associations, accustomed to clappings, and even amidst scenes and subjects of real feeling, habituated to command their passions; yet here they betrayed their emotion like novices, and evinced their subjection to the mighty master of the art of agitation. It was now only that he proceeded to strike an effective blow, and turn his art to a profitable account. Suddenly pausing in his portrayal of the scenes of outrage and suffering he had delineated so touchingly, he exclaimed, in a voice of indignation—Shall these dreadful things be repeated through the country? Must we have no respite from horrors like these? Sir Robert Peel says they shall continue for ever! For ever! Does there exist amongst the natives of this land a wretch so heartless, so lost to all sense of humanity and of shame, as to raise his voice in favour of the Government who would abandon his country to the curse of tithes and of bloodshed to enforce the accursed impost for ever? Loud cheers proclaimed the triumph of his appeal, and he was resounded by fierce denunciations, of the tithes-traitors.

Ours Contemporary of the Courier, in his paper of Saturday last, in alluding to the Draft of the new Press Law submitted to the Supreme Government of India, seems to question the propriety of the present mode of proceeding of the Government in dealing out Laws by piece meal. We do not exactly see the force of the objection. The Supreme Government, as now constituted, is to direct its attention to all matters requiring either revision or correction in existing Laws,—is to repeal bad Laws, and to pass such new enactments as may from time to time, from the exigencies of the state, appear necessary.

The submitting the intended Law to the Legislative Council does, perhaps, appear uncalled for, and is therefore a mere waste of time (but on this point we speak subject to correction, as we are not aware whether there exists a positive necessity for consulting the legislative council on all intended laws prior to their promulgation)—and in this we agree with our contemporary, but we by no means agree with him when he says that the case "was not one of urgency."—It is a case of the greatest urgency, and it is only to be regretted that any form of proceeding should render a delay of so many months necessary before it can be passed. We have had enough of fair promises and fair professions,—every Governor General for the last twenty years has professed to be liberal and disposed to relieve the press of its chains, but not one of them has had the virtue or manliness to carry these professions into effect. Sir C. T. Metcalf has seized the bull by the horns, and taken the very first opportunity in his power of convincing the world that the words and professions of public men should be something more than vapour, so, lest of accidents, he hastened to redeem his public professions, and now bids fair to be the liberator of the India Press. Let him go on and prosper! He need no other epitaph. But yet a few years, and by means of the Press, a change, palpable as beneficial, will have spread over India. Her dormant spirit will arise, and the multiplied sons of freedom shall bless the author of their second being. Is there no necessity for urgency in such a case? Is it not as politic as just of the present Governor-General to hasten on a measure, which, but for him, might yet have lain unacted, the records of things which tyrants shrink the touch of, and lordly rulers be inclined to suppress? Sir C. Metcalf's career may be brief, but it will be brilliant,—his present act finds a response in the minds of all enlightened men, and his name will be cherished as the friend of social liberty. If we judge of him aright his present victory will be more gratifying to him than all the shewy splendor and gaudy pomp which his high office may fling around him. The incense poured out at the footstool of power is intoxicating, and is apt to rob men of their better self, but he who can resist its influence may boast of no ordinary share of virtue.

Nor could the case have been postponed with so much assurance of safety as our Contemporary seems to imagine. Sir C. Metcalf knew his own views, but could not calculate on those of others; and he knew that his tenure of office must necessarily be of short duration. He had the experience of the past, and he knew what lordly professions of liberalism meant—he had the cloudy prospect of the future before his eye, and no star of hope lighted the dreary way,—above, below, behind, before, all was dark, unpromising, and unpropitious.—Proud and needy nobility,—whether past, present, or to come, he knew to be the enemies of freedom. It was his wish therefore to see the last seal to this charter of Indian liberty before the atmosphere of eastern politics became tainted by the approach of an emissary from the camp of corruption, and he has boldly and fearlessly done his pleasure and duty. Even Lord Bentinck, who drew so largely on the credit of his good intentions towards India, could not be

got to divest the Governor General of India of the power of doing mischief at discretion, and his celebrated declaration with regard to the press has operated as the Duke of Wellington's on reform. Both declarations hastened the consummation of the desired objects. Lord Bentinck said that he could "answer for there being no desire that the press should be subjected to any undue restriction, except in cases of great emergency." It must in lead be a "case of emergency," as Lord Bentinck termed it, that can ever induce any after Governor General—whether the nominee of a Tory or Whig Government, to revive the odious press Laws if they are once repealed, and the only thing we can now hope and wish is that the intended Law will have been passed before any change can take place in the government by the arrival of the new Governor General.

It is suggested by the *Bengal Harikara* that some public testimony should be got up to Sir Charles for this bold stroke of policy. Of late, addresses, monuments, feasts, and slaughter of fattings, speech making, and all other the ways and means by which compliments (whether deserved or not) are paid to public men, have been so common, that we attach little or no importance to them. To getting them up various elements are at work,—elements of such subtle nature, and so subject to change by the wand of power, that we would not feel surprised if a Governor were declared to be an incarnation of some of the lesser deities; but tracing those elements to their source, we find they have been begot by self,—conceived by hope, brought forth by a shadowy compound of both,—reared, not in joy, and expiring in the flame of their own kindling.

Such testimonials are no test of the real virtues of a public or private character, for with equal promptness would the adors and abettors of such schemes shout for King Col or King Crispin. But the present is a widely different case. We are now beginning to break freely after a hard struggle for liberty against those who would enchain both body and mind, and now that the chief Ruler of India has broken the last link of the chain by which we were bound, we should have a jubilee. The word is, liberty! In honor of the fair emanation herself, let us dedicate some memorial to her name, or if she is content with our gratitude, let us caress the man by whom she carried her victory. All India should make response to the appeal of the Calcutta Press, and thank the man, who, without fear or favor, has bestowed on them a gift the value of which shall be felt by their latest posterity.

But why is the passing of the Law postponed until August? The new Governor General will have arrived before that time, and such a lengthened delay is only placing the intended boon in unnecessary jeopardy. Cannot that resolution be dispensed with? If it can by any possibility, we would take leave to suggest to our brethren of the Calcutta Press, whether it would not be well to urge on the attention of Government the necessity of an earlier consideration of the subject than the month of August can afford.

Our correspondent "New Jerusalem" is, perhaps, rather severe, though, we believe, substantially correct in his comparison between the late Governors of this Island. That a man can please every one is, of course, out of the question, and the only means by which we can judge of the Governor of this or that Presidency, are their general public policy and conduct. We admit that men who have served in this country for a length of time, and have acquired an intimate knowledge of the languages spoken by the people, as well as of their general habits and feelings would, at first glance, appear to be better fitted for exercising the office of Governor than a man removed here from England who knows nothing of the language,—who is ignorant of the people, and who can have no sympathy with their customs and feelings, but on reflection, objections arise which appear formidable.

The cases of Elphinstone and Duncan were exceptions. It would be to be feared that were Governors chosen from the services, as a rule, their early associations and friendships formed in the country, might materially embarrass the exercise of the discretion necessary in the performance of their duties, while those who come from England have no such drag-chain on their designs. Much could be said on both sides of the question. With regard to an individual being sent out from England, that system is objectionable unless the individual be of acknowledged ability, and possess sufficient knowledge of India affairs to be able to enter into all subjects which may be submitted for his judgment, as well as originate such other measures as the acknowledged miseries and increasing wants of the people require.

We fear, that with all Governors who come here, their attention is too exclusively occupied with mere matters of detail which come before them in the common routine of business, for them to have time to enquire into the many matters which affect the interests of those who live

at a distance from the Presidency. We believe very little is known here of the condition of these individuals, or the general management of the affairs in the interior, beyond the returns of revenue and of loyalty for our fostering protection. We fear little regard is had to the means which would ameliorate the general condition of the subject, or place the country on the road to general improvement. We would instance the apathy that has been shown to the construction of public roads throughout the interior, which, of all other means, would improve the condition of all classes of traders; and, by consequence, of the community at large. We would instance the present condition of the Lands in the interior, the mode of management, the rate of rents, the condition of the ryots and laborers, the system of letting lands, and letting the rents, the mode and means of collection, and all other questions incidental to the present increasing distress, and decreasing means of alleviation;—these, with many others which could be named, are objects of paramount importance to India, but, from the construction of its Government, it is to be feared they do not, perhaps, cannot receive the attention they demand.

We have said it is scarcely possible for a Governor, from the duties at the Presidency which have to be attended to, to devote that time and attention to those matters which they would require. The Council are similarly circumstanced, and it therefore would require a man of no ordinary perseverance, ability, and knowledge to fill the Office of Governor of Bombay.

The present Governor has at least the advantage of an intimate knowledge of the affairs of this country, and the general system on which its Government has been conducted since it had any thing in shape of a British Government over it, so far as a close study of India history, and authenticated dispatches, as well as an unremitting and active attention to those matters in Parliament, could give. We have seen a work or two written by him on the subject at a time when he had little hope of seeing the working of that system with his own eyes, or hearing the complaints against it with his own ears, and it is now only to be hoped that he will turn the knowledge which he has of the institutions of the country, together with that power and man of business, he is possessed of, to a good account in having those institutions placed on a proper and secure basis. Descending to particulars, we might urge attention to the often mooted subject of public roads, and the grievous losses and inconveniences suffered by the inhabitants of the interior by the want of them. The condition of the landholders, ryots, and laborers should also be taken under consideration with a view to some beneficial change;—a principle for the management of Lands in the interior ought to be established, which will give the farmer an interest in the soil, and relieve him of the grinding exactions to which he is now subjected. For a full view of this latter portion of the subject in all its bearings we beg to refer our readers to the series of able letters which have appeared in this Paper under the signature of "FOUNDLING." None of those letters have ever been answered,—and we believe, for this very good reason,—that very few know little, if any thing, of the subject on which they treat. Each man's duties occupy so much of his time that he has no inclination to fathom the depths of any subject but that which comes immediately within his own line. On that class of persons, therefore, the subject of FOUNDLING's letters can produce no impression, but it is for the Government to weigh them well. While we admit that the duties of government may be too arduous to allow time to be wasted in examining into useless theories, yet the manner in which FOUNDLING treats his subject conveys at once to the mind that he speaks from experience,—and that that experience has led him to recommend a different and new system. Returns should be ordered in from all the collectors, of the land in each—how farmed,—at what rents,—how those rents are levied,—and whether in money or in kind,—and all other information necessary to enable a more just and equitable as well as productive system to be adopted and acted on. Improvements should not be confined to the Island of Bombay,—nor should a veneration for an ancient system stay the hand of correction. While Government have been cutting down the expence of the machinery of the state to an extent which has created much dissatisfaction, it would have been well if they had turned their attention to the best means of making up the alleged deficiency in the receipts, and thus enabling them to keep their strongest arm in counterpoise.

The present Governor is a man of business habits, as well as of extensive knowledge, and it would be well if he were to put in train a system by which the reports we have spoken of would appear before the Government, or a Committee selected for the purpose of receiving and examining them. Some improvements might, in this way, be effected, and the foundation for others laid.

The late charter has opened a new career to the natives of India, and the spirit of improvement and change will, ere long, find its way to the most remote provinces. The natives will inquire to what cause the decayed and decaying state of trade in the interior, as well as the poor condition of the labouring portion of their fellow countrymen, is to be attributed, and, in assigning the cause, will feel themselves entitled to a domestic legislature like many other of the British colonies. That is an event which may be postponed but cannot be averted, and it would be but judicious of the Government, as at present constituted, to anticipate the wishes of the country, by adopting such measures as would remove the grounds of discontent.

EUROPE.

THE ELECTIONS.

MARY-LA-BONNE. — NOMINATION.

The election for this borough took place yesterday morning. At an early hour the four candidates, attended by their friends, came on the hustings, and were loudly cheered by their respective parties.

The usual preliminary formalities having been gone through.

John Sandell, Esq., the returning officer, entreated the assembled multitude to hear with silence and attention the several candidates who were about to address them.

Mr. Treslove rose to propose Sir William Horne [much hissing]—a gentleman who by long and unwearied study had attained the highest rank in the first court of judicature in the kingdom, and whose profound learning, great talent, high character, and zeal for the reformation of all real abuses, rendered him the most proper representative for so important a borough, as Mary-la-bonne [cheers and hissings].

Mr. Teed seconded the nomination. Sir William Horne was a gentleman who, while he removed from the Constitution all the defects which had crept into it, would preserve the Constitution itself unimpaired and undisturbed [hisses]. He was a gentleman who was as remarkable for his honesty as for his talent, and Mary-la-bonne would be honoured in such a representative [hisses and cheers].

Mr. Hope came forward to propose Sir Samuel Whalley—a man who had been the strenuous advocate of the rights and liberties of the people [great cheering]. All present, however, knew so well the pretension of that Honorable Gentleman, that it would be waste of time to go into any detail, and he should therefore content himself with confidently recommending Sir Samuel Whalley to their suffrages, [immediate cheering].

Mr. Potter seconded the nomination, and took occasion to deny the charge of dictation got up against the vestrymen. What made their opponents so sore, was to find that the feeling which those vestrymen entertained in favour of Whalley and Bulwer was general throughout the borough [cheers].

Mr. Hovenden, in proposing Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, said he was one of that despised body, the vestry of this parish, who were charged with dictation by their enemies. The vestrymen gave their time gratuitously, and they had saved the poor rate payers 70,000l. annually, what great man was better qualified to recommend them a candidate than one of the despised vestry [loud cheering]. Their recommendation of two candidates had been confirmed by a public meeting of 2,000 electors, and he said there were only 300 present, "lied in his teeth" [great cheering]. In the last session Sir W. Horne had voted four out of sixty-four divisions, and on three of those occasions he voted against the popular rights. [A man in the crowd who had been very conspicuous in endeavouring to interrupt the speaker was here laid hold of by several of the persons around him, who knocked off his hat and endeavoured to force him away from the hustings.] Mr. Hovenden requested they would not ill-treat the man, and order was again restored. He admitted Sir W. Horne was a very able, but he was also a very indolent man. He next complained that Sir W. Horne refused to attend their meetings; and said he should oppose him on these two grounds—his improper parliamentary conduct, and his contempt of the electors. As to Mr. Young he might be the eighth wonder of the world; but his light had hitherto been hid under a bushel [laughter and cheers]. Would they send an untutored man into Parliament [cries of "No, no!"]? Let them contrast him with Mr. H. L. Bulwer. For several years he had advocated the extension of the suffrage, triennial Parliaments, the repeal of the window-tax vote, by ballot, and on every other occasion when the rights of the people were concerned he had been on the right side.

[A voice in the crowd, "The pension-list!"] Mr. Bulwer voted against the abominable pension-list. Was that the sort of man they wanted [cheering, and cries of "Yes, yes!"]? They let them send him to Parliament [great applause]. Let them not make the borough of Mary-la-bonne an easy chair for such indolent men as Sir W. Horne, or a go-cart for sucking statesmen [great laughter and cheers].

Dr. Fellows seconded the nomination. It had been said—"Try the present Ministry." They had been tried, and had been found wanting. They had been tried during more than half a century of bad government, misrule, and pressure on the industry of the lower classes, which had never been witnessed among any of the nations of the earth. It had been said—"Try the Duke, he is a Reformer—he has only waited for the present opportunity to show his love of reform" [groans, and loud disapprobation]. He (Dr. F.) would say that the wolf—let him into the fold, he is a gentle animal, and will not worry the sheep—he will only fondle the lambs [laughter, and great cheering]. He (Dr. F.) would say that the wolf was an animal fond, and on the same principle he would say that he must be an eloquent man who would convince him (Dr. F.) that the Duke of Wellington did not hate liberty [loud cheers]. Mr. Bulwer was a gentleman whose mind was accomplished in the highest degree by intense study, by travel, and by everything that can adorn the man, and best fit him for such a station as he trusted they would place him in [cheers].

[A placard was here brought forward, and placed in front of the hustings, announcing that the Reformers were about two hundred ahead of their opponents on the poll at the City election. The appearance of the placard was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats by the meeting.]

Mr. Shaw congratulated them on the state of the poll at the city election. It was gratifying that no Tory—no advocate of the present Administration—had dared to show his face in their borough [great cheering]. He had great satisfaction in nominating a gentleman who would be an unflinching advocate of the ballot, of triennial Parliaments, and of all their rights and liberties. The present Ministry he would use all his efforts to vote out of office. If the electors returned Mr. Young they would have no reason to regret their choice [hisses and great confusion].

Mr. Bridgman seconded the nomination, but while he was speaking, the disapprobation and uproar were such that scarcely a sentence he uttered in favour of Mr. Young could be heard.

Sir William Horne was met by a tremendous storm of reprobation, which lasted without intermission throughout the whole of his address, which was to the following effect:—

"As men of honour, I trust you will give me a hearing. I intend to say but a few words—of myself, I will say nothing [you're wise!]. In the first place, I deny that there has been any coalition between myself and any other candidate. I came forward two years ago, and you returned me for my known character in Parliament and for my long attachment to reform principles. I have been charged with neglecting my duties in Parliament; I indignantly repudiate the charge. That I am no lagger will be seen from the fact that in the tremendous struggle for reform in the two Parliaments preceding the last, when the House sat frequently from five in the afternoon till six, seven, and eight in the morning, I was not absent from a single debate or division [hear, hear!]. The result that a struggle was the Bill which gave you the franchise you are so justly proud of. I have never changed my opinions, but have always been a consistent Reformer [oh, oh!]. I have always voted for your good; but I have not thought myself justified in wasting the public time by vague declamation. I have done all that was practicable for your good; and have felt on many occasions deep regret that I could do no more. I have never traded in popularity [hisses]. I have not tried to curry favour with a parochial joint, or sought a letter of recommendation from the parish authorities. [This last sentence excited the feelings of the assembly to such a degree, that the Learned Knight's concluding sentences were altogether inaudible to us.]

Sir Samuel Whalley then, amidst the most continuous and loud applause, addressed the electors as follows:—"When I consider the awful nature of the trust which two years ago you entrusted to me, it fills me with the proudest satisfaction to find that from one end of the borough to the other my conduct has met with your approbation [cheers]. But however awful the trust you then reposed in me, the trust you are about (I hope) to repose in me, is of a much more important nature, for it is given me at a crisis of events which are altogether untrampled [hear, hear!]. The King, in the exercise of his prerogative has thought fit to dismiss the Constitutional advisers of the Crown, and the new Ministry, in the extremity of their fear and hatred, has dissolved the reformed Parliament, and has in so doing, conferred upon that Parliament a glory which its own actions would hardly have attained [cheers]. Court influence has brought about all this, and the reason why court influence is so used, is sufficiently accounted for in the feeble defence which the late Minister made in behalf of the Pension List [hear, hear!]. Does it not recur to your minds that

soon after the last quarter-day when those said pensionists at some convivial meeting, while over their cups and drinking prosperity to the Pension List, or perhaps while drinking your healths out of which pockets the pensions are paid [laughter]—does it not occur that while raising such a toast with three, times three, the thought might flash upon their minds that three times three was the identical number by which the odious Pension List was on one occasion saved from destruction [hear, hear! and laughter]? The late Parliament was dissolved, because it was well known that it would do its duty by the people. But the country will not be insulted and mocked by the Tory faction [cheers]. No; they will assert their rights and their dignity, and in returning to the next Parliament a doubly reformed representation, will put a final settlement to the question between good and bad government [cheers]. It is impossible, when such intelligent constituencies as I am now addressing are the parties to decide, that this country can ever return back to the reign of Tory misrule, extravagance, and corruption [hear, hear!]. Should, however, such a dire alternative be the result of the present elections, I shall rejoice that the ports of China and the eastern world, are open to the enterprise of British merchants, that by the repeal of taxes, particularly the House-tax, we have lessened the means of corruption. And I thank God that we have set the captive free, and that no man shall hereafter be fettered by the chains of slavery [cheers]. But no such result will follow the present elections. I would not, for a moment, believe any countrymen will be false and treacherous to themselves, or so unwise as to be lulled into defensive security, or be led away by those mere general professions of reform which mean any thing or nothing [hear, hear!]. In coming forward to represent this borough, I looked only to the independent spirit of the electors, and threw myself with confidence upon it, and I found it to be a rock which supported me against every opposition, and it carried me into Parliament by a triumphant majority of 812 votes [cheers]. When I entered that House I gave my allegiance to those who sent me there; I attached myself to no party; I was as often found opposing the measures of the Whigs, as in opposing to the designs of the Tories. But having made the promise, and acted upon it, that I would look to measures and not men. I am bound in honour to declare to you, that though I often had the pleasure of supporting good and sound measures brought forward by the Whigs, and no less excellent measures introduced by independent members, I have always been in the face of day, I never had a single opportunity of supporting any measure brought forward by the Tories [cheers and laughter]. If, therefore, they never gave me an opportunity of giving them a single vote, am I fool enough, now, to suppose they ever will [hear, hear!]? I promised I would not become a partizan of the late Government; and I will now make you another promise—I will never cease from determined opposition to the present Government [loud cheers]. Do, I speak this as a party man? I have judged of the Administration out of their own mouth. I have measured them by the own standard, and find them wanting. Knatchbull is too short; Stormont is too long—at least his body is too long, but his head is short enough; Baring is too changeable; Goulburn is too bigoted [laughter]; Wellington is too despotic [loud groans]; Peel is too jesuitical [repeated laughter], and too sum them all up, they are all "too bad" [great laughter, and cheers]. I know Peel avows himself a Reformer, and says he will give Municipal Corporations his consideration. I fancy that not only this constituency, but every other, will soon afford him a more serious matter for consideration, and relieve him from the necessity of bestowing any consideration on corporation reforms [cheers]. Remember there is no mistake about the men. We know them, and that the success of their measures would be the downfall of all that is valuable to us—it would be the destruction of the hopes of the Dissenters; it would carry consternation to the aspirants for liberty from one end of the known world to the other; it would raise the hopes of the advocates of corruption, and the legitimacy of despotism; and it would, I believe from my heart, destroy the prosperity of the country—injure the public peace—weaken all the institutions we hold valuable [hear, hear!], and undermine the stability of the Throne itself [loud cries of hear, hear! and cheers]. Now, to you I would say, be resolute, active, and early at your post. We have now to win the last battle—for the more glorious the victory on this occasion, the less likely are we again to be summoned to the field. Go forward, then, united heart and hand, and I shall be a traitor to your cause if I could for a single moment doubt that the most signal success will crown your efforts [loud cheers]. A noble example has been mentioned to you, and another is now held out by the reformers of the City. Already they have read a lesson to the Tories [great cheering]. They did contrive, last election, to insinuate one member of their own class, but they have now lost him [laughter, and cheers]. The lowest reform candidate stands 216 above the highest Tory [loud cheers]. This has been effected in the short space of two hours; and I have

in his condition be what it might, if he could heal the broken heart and support the dejected mind, he should never be so happy or consider himself so well employed [cheers]. He should always be at his post, advocating the rights and interests of his constituents in Southwark [loud cheers, which lasted for sometime].

On the motion of Mr. HUMPHREY, seconded by Mr. HARVEY, a vote of thanks to the High Bailiff was unanimously agreed to, for his impartial conduct. Before the meeting dispersed, a person in the crowd, who held a paper in his hand, called out for Mr. Harvey, and on that gentleman coming forward, the individual stated that he had been greatly injured and almost ruined by the conduct of a member of Parliament, and he hoped that Mr. Harvey would look to his case, and endeavour to get him redress.

Mr. HARVEY requested the person to give him the paper, stating that he would give the subject his best attention.—*The Morning Chronicle, Jan. 6.*

HOW BUCKRAM BEHAVED WHEN HE WENT TO VISIT SISTER PEG'S QUARTERS.

OF Buckram, accordingly, ye shall now hear. It so happened about this time, that one or two of Sister Peg's tenants in the North, who had a sneaking kindness for Gray, and did not like to see him turned out of doors at his time of life, proposed to give him a dinner in a tent as he passed, and perhaps raise a raffle for him to live upon the rest of his days. No sooner did Buckram hear of this, than he said to Allsop—"By the hokey, Allsop, if Gray gets among these people, and begins to open his heart to them over a glass, all will come out, and, considering that John is looking black enough upon us already, and the servants grumbling comely—no, no, I say nothing of the tent, who have lost concept of us entirely—if this business be blown, our place is not worth a taster. I'll down to the North directly, and it shall go hard with me but I'll manage, one way or other, to stop his mouth. I'll see, too, whether I can't manage to raise my credit among the tenants a bit."

So up went Buckram to his room, clapt on a pair of tartan trousers, by way of flattering Sister Peg, stuffed his pocket with trade and quack medicines, put his head in a turban, hung an immense seal of John's to his watch, and by a stiff walk, he got among Gray's friends just as they were beginning to assemble—paid his shot with the rest, and stalked into the tent, where, though Gaffer had not yet made his appearance, he found the board already pretty well cleared, and most of the trenchers as clean as if a buffalo had licked them. You may imagine how Gray stared when he came in, and, casting his eyes by chance across the table, saw his old enemy grinning and nodding to him, and making believe as if they were the best of friends; but it was still worse when Buckram, to crown the whole, got up on his legs, and proposed Gray's health, with times three, lauding and magnifying him to the very skies, and telling the whole party how that Gaffer and he had been the means of taking in and doing for poor old Madam Reform, when all would have cast her off, and proving her with good accommodations, which would in time have been enlarged, if she had behaved quietly.

"Not that he was one of those wirecracks," he added, "who were for turning John's house out of doors, or kicking out the upper servants, merely to give her room—fair and softly was the word with him; and really, to say the truth, the old lady had been living rather too fast of late, and must pull up a little in future, unless she must shut her constitution entirely; and so he would advise some of her addled-headed hangers-on to keep a close tongue in their heads, unless they wished to see her put upon short allowance, which John had a great mind to do."

Buckram, after delivering this harangue was sitting down on the bench hugely tickled at the idea that he had fairly stopped Gray's mouth for that time at least, when, who should start for the corner of the tent, to his great confusion, he had no objections to the turning out of his father-in-law, had Allsop and Buckram been disposed to let him go, and that was nothing to periguitors; but finding there was nothing to be made of it, he had conceived a most pestilential hatred against both, and thought this was too good an opportunity to let, of venting his spite against one of them.

Up, therefore, he got and looking at Buckram—"A pretty fellow, to be sure, you are," cried he, "to talk of taking in and doing for the old lady! A pox on ye! you have taken her in and done for her, with a vengeance! O Lord! what assurance some folks have! Why, Lord! what assurance some folks have! Dan my friends, 'twas but the other night that Dan and I heard her screaming out for assistance, as he and my precious father-in-law there and some others were trying to gag and force her into the cellar—Gray, holding her feet, and Buckram squeezing his wig into her mouth, and crying—'Much good may it do ye.' Did not you confine her to her own room after dark, and entertain her with the cat's-paw-tails? Enlarge her accommodations, forsooth! Why, have you not tried to pare as many shillings as you could off her miserable income? Nay, tried to stop her allowance altogether, on pretence that she had not paid her share of John's petty contributions? Were you not the first to kick her cousin from Warwickshire out of your own rooms the other day, and throw his bill after him, though it had been correct to the last farthing? For my part, if the old lady be still alive, which I doubt, it's my firm belief, that in another year or so she'll be starved to death among ye. No matter—none shall lay her death at my door at least."

When Drum sat down, Buckram was utterly confounded for a minute or two—the more so, when he saw Hob, and the Pensioner and Noddy Bear, get up and say they thought him in the right, and that, for their parts, they would not let a day go over their head but they would see to get the old lady's rooms cleaned out, and every thing made decent for her, come what would. This last fellow was a great Greek, and comely, went by the name of "money in both pockets," from the strange fancy he had for keeping John's money in one breeches' pocket, and in his own in the other; so that sometimes when he sat a friend a shilling or so, his head would get quite confused, and he really could not recollect the soul of him out of what pocket he had taken it.

But though Buckram was at first not a little

abashed by this exposure, he blessed his stars that, at all events, he had contrived, in the confusion, to make poor Gaffer and his doings and complaints be as completely forgotten as if he had never been in existence. "Now then," quoth he to himself—"now is the time to strike while the iron is hot."

So away hasted off next morning to make a round of sister Peg's tenantry, to see whether by his mountebank tricks and plausible tongue, he could patch up a little his battered character among them. No trick was too low for him. Though he knew that John could not abide the sight of him, he affected to be deep in his secrets. If any one gave him a chance dinner or a pot of beer—"Ah!" he would exclaim, "some folks now would be vain enough to think all this was meant for them—but I'd have you to know I am none such. 'Tis all done out of respect to John—whose unworthy servant—but no more of that. I'll take care this blessed evening he shall know it in course of post."

And so he would sit down and seem to scrawl off a letter, taking care to exhibit the beginning, Dear John, and the address in large letters, To John Bull, Esq., Bullocks' hatch, These; and then sealing it with that immense seal of John's, which he kept always dangling from his fob, he would walk away with it with much dignity to the post-office, when he made as if he dropped it into the letter-box, but without contrived to slip it quietly into his breeches' pocket, from which, if it ever came out again, it certainly went in a quite different direction from Bullocks' hatch.

On other occasions, he would have a postboy in John's livery hired to come into the kirk in the middle of the sermon, and whisper in his ear, loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation, "Gadzooks," he would exclaim, "John wants me, you say, on most confidential business? A pestilent hardship, my friends—but stay—I'll be with him in the twinkling of a walking-stick;" and, darting away, he would spring into the chaise hired for the purpose at the nearest stables, and drive off, like a whirlwind, in the direction of the manorhouse. But no sooner did he come within sight of the Park, than, looking out of the chaise window, and seeing that nobody was in sight, he would desire the postboy to drive leisurely round for an hour or so in a circuitous manner, and then come back all in a sweat, swearing he had been clogged with John on matters of life and death, till his own life was a burden to him, and that, in fact, but for him, to speak candidly, John's matters would all go to rack and ruin.

To some of the country, again, he distributed tracts, to others quack medicines, of which he had always great store, suited to all ages, tastes, and constitutions. He gave himself out for a regular member of the British College of Health, pretended to give advice gratis, generally recommending mild inexpressible aperients—"no, like your universal mixture and annual pills," he would say, "that turn a man's bowels inside out, but mild alternatives, such as Dr. Jellie's drops, Allsop's anodyne, my own volatile essence, and such like, that create no insurrection in a man's intestines, but leave him to go about his affairs, without loss of time or hindrance of business."

It was observed, however, that much as he abused those drastic purges, he had always a supply ready in an inside pocket, for such as he saw did not like his milder mixtures. Then, in addition to all this, he occasionally surprised them with the strangest feats of ground and lofty tumbling, dancing to the Scotch-bairds, balancing straws on his nose, and many other conjuring tricks, which he carried to a pitch of perfection never before heard of; for he was the first man who ever succeeded perfectly in turning his back upon himself and eating his own words, which feat he accomplished more than once to the wonder of all beholders. Sometimes, again, with the strangest incoherence of tongue, he would blab all that was going on about the manorhouse—what this servant said, or that servant did—that bills were owing last quarter—that shifts John would now and then be put to raise the wind—with much more gossip of the same kind, which thereafter came to John's ears, and gave him no little annoyance. Then, when taxed with what he had said, he would deny downright that he had said so;—and, in a trice again, he would deny that he had denied it—so that no man knew where to have him. One man he would draw into a corner, and, taking him by the button, he would abuse the upper servants as the most pestilent pragmatical noodles that ever headed a treacher to the next, if he happened to be a twentieth cousin of any of the upper servants he would run down the under servants at the same rate, as the most self-conceited, shortighted, blundering blockheads he had ever come in contact with;—swearing, that he and the upper servants had it else to do but to check their erroneous arithmetic, and look their house bills into something like shape for them;—then he would pretend that he thought Arthur a devilish good fellow, and intended one of these days to speak a good word for him to John—who, mayhap, to please him (Buckram) might take him back again as an assistant.

So many strange vagaries following on one another's heels, made people begin to look a little queer, and to exchange significant nods, and point with a comical expression to their own upper story, as Buckram went by. And now, as the devil would have it, for poor Buckram, he took it into his head about this time to quarrel with his friends. Thus the newsmen, who had been too long in his secrets not to have him totally at his mercy, and all about a Penny Magazine, in which, it seemed, he was a Sleeping Partner, and to which he had begun to send all the gossip and scandal of the hall, of which Times had hitherto had as it were the monopoly. The Lord have mercy on Buckram, say I for Times had none. The course of kicking, cutting, basinadoing, and carbinadoing he now underwent is past conception. Times scarcely left him the likeness of a beast. Week after week did he continue to pen the most truculent paragraphs against him; now telling all the world how he had devised a plan for feeding John's poor tenants on sawdust, ground bones, and plaster of Paris; how he had sworn that no one was so fit to be a J.P. as Deapread, and yet made John put another in the commission; how he called another man a

lousy loon behind his back, and then flattered him to his face; how he had kicked a poor wench who was with child out of doors; and refused to grant a mittimus against the father, telling her it would be a mere encouragement to bastards; how he had robbed a man of his bill, with the assistance of a Charley, and afterwards had the effrontery to discount it in his own name as drawer, with a thousand such knavish tricks—which surprised every body except those that knew him. And now things had come to that pass that scarcely any of the servants could look Buckram in the face without laughing at him.

HOW JOHN WAS SICKENED AT BREAKFAST, POISONED AT DINNER AND NEARLY BURNED AT NIGHT.

ALL these rumours of Buckram's strange vagaries reaching John's ears, you may believe gave him no little vexation; and as he had no great liking for his new servants before, they only made him the more resolved to get quit of them as soon as he thought another set could be had. Just at this time, too, as misfortunes never come single, came a string of annoyances one after another, which might have tried a more patient temper than John's to boast of—who for that matter had a little of his father and grandfather about him—neither of whom were related to John.

John had come down one morning to breakfast, and Mrs. Bull, in her usual way, had just helped him to his first cup of tea, when John, putting it to his lips, suddenly made a face as if he had swallowed prussic acid, and dashing it down on the trolley, exclaimed, "Gad! my life, what infernal decoction is this? Essence of wormwood? Extract of aloes and coloquintida eh? In what 'potheary's shop, pray, did any one pick up this cursed drug? Faugh—I feel as if I had swallowed poison."

"My dear," said Mrs. Bull, "don't alarm yourself; 'tis your genuine tea from Messrs. Sios and Copperas—your new tea merchants, whom your stewards have procured, for the employ of late, and give up old Hysou and Co., who served yourself and your fathers before you. As for the price of it, good or bad, I can only say 'tis charged a swinging round sum in the bill, as you'll find at the year's end."

"S!" cried John, who still continued making very faces at the recollection of his last draught, "this is my return for giving the dogs a portion of my custom. Pay their bill, my dear; and let us never see their cursed compounds again. Ah! one gets wiser by experience; and the matter is to do ever again, Hysou and Co. are the men for my money. They charged a good price, to be sure; but then you could rely on a good article—while these rascally sloppers think no more of poisoning a Christian, than they do of watering their row, and sanding their brown sugar."

But if things at breakfast were bad this day at dinner 'twas worse. John, who, like every squire Bull before him, liked a good glass of port wine after dinner, had ordered a bottle of his best on this occasion; but no sooner had he swallowed his first glass to the king's health as usual, than he rolled his eyes in his head as if he struggled, clapped his hands on his stomach, and sitting down the glass, squirmed the contents out of his mouth with infinite appearance of disgust. "O Lord," he exclaimed, "my poor bowels! Call ye this port wine! 'Tis a mixture of rhubarb and devil's dung at the least, I'll be sworn. Harkye, harkye," cried he to the butler—old Cupid—whom we mentioned before—"did my old friend Michael, ship me this damnable drach?" If so, there no faith in man."

"Why, sir," said Cupid, with one of his best bows, "that unlucky quarrel between Michael and Petter, in which as you know you lost Petter a hundred pounds to carry on his lawsuit about the old gentleman's succession, has been the ruin of Michael, who has fallen back in the world, and has got no stock left—so of late we have been dealing with Petter's agents Messrs. Sios and Wormwood—for Sios is a partner both in the tea and wine trade, and is too much of a gentleman. I am sure, to treat an excellent customer like Squire Bull sourly, you may depend upon it, the fault is in your own palate—and if you would just allow me to taste it"—so stepping up to the table, and swallowing a bumper with some difficulty, he set down the glass, assuring John 'twas just as he had expected, and that John must be beginning to lose his taste entirely, if he could complain of such genuine old English port as that, John, however was not to be persuaded out of his senses this time. "Take it away," said he, "at least let me have a neat glass of schiedam, to put the filthy taste of this portion out of my mouth."

"My dear sir," said Cupid, with some confusion, "ever since that occasion when you joined Philip Baboon in clapping up the obstruction before Nick Frog door, and pelted him with mortar pellets, we have given up dealing with him as much as possible—and truth to say, there is not a drop of gin in the wholehouse. 'Tis a filthy liquor, my dear master, and Dr. Bowstring you know, prescribes French claret as most agreeable to your constitution."

"French claret be—!" but 'tis useless vexing one's self about what can't be helped. Thank God, a time's coming. There, hand me the Morning Post, and about your business. So"—and John drew his arm chair to the fire, and pretending to read a paragraph or two, was on the point of dropping into a doze.

Suddenly, however, he composed himself for a comfortable nap, when a ray came to the hall gate, as if a whole posse of Bow Street officers had been there for admittance. 'Twas a letter from the overseer at Plantation farm; and as John had heard little from that quarter lately, he yawned, rubbed his eyes, and began to read.

"HONOURED MASTER,

"I am happy to inform you that every thing goes on at the farm as well as could be wished. (Come that's some comfort, however, said John.) Quashie works like a Turk, and seems as happy as the day is long, so I have ordered him an additional allowance of salt herrings at your expense. (Poor fellow, said John, I grieve it not; Heaven send only he may consume quiet.) I have no doubt you will find in this end you have got full value for your twenty pounds. I have taken the liberty of drawing up

on you for the likesum, being my own a'—an'—And main your humble servant."

"But what's this?" Postscripts—Ah! I have postscripts they never bode any thing good, but let's see."

"P.S. Since writing the above, I am sorry to say that Quashie, either set on by rum, Quashie or the Devil, has struck work; and what worse, struck one of the quorum a damnable blow with his bos on the skull, and hard as it was, he is not expected to recover. Hitherto we have not succeeded in catching him. Pray order out half-a-dozen special constables, for Quashie threatens to burn us all in our beds."

"P.S. News have just come in that your large hayrick is on fire, and that Quashie, as seen last night near it with a lighted candle. For God's sake don't forget the constables. In haste, yours to command."

"J.S. Had you seen poor John's face, as he perused this dismal epistle, you'd have pitied him. The tears started in his eyes with vexation, when he thought that he had parted with his money only, to have his servants knocked on the head by a dog of a black, and his barns burnt about his ears."

"This comes," thought he, "of meddling with what did not concern me. My poor friend, Muscavado and Molasses, and Bannoo and Mango, I dare say, are murdered & ruined by this time. My turnips, of course, to the devil. Sugar will rise a sailing a-pound—and none out that firebrand, Quashie, or Quashie him if, are the givers by it. Gaiety, as I say—any, the damned villain Quashie will drink himself to death, I dare say, in a fortnight—and what becomes then of his wife and his small niggerly family? All thrown on me, I suppose, after the farm's fairly ruined. Ah! John, John! misfortunes never come single. Harkye, you fellows—there's no time to be lost; go some of you and call half-a-dozen constables together—and post as fast as your legs can carry you to Plantation Farm, before Quashie sets the sugar-manufactory on fire next. But" (turning his eyes towards the window which looked across the court to the servant's rooms), "what the devil's this? Has Quashie got among us here too? Ah! live by bread, the upper servant's room's on fire! There, don't you smell it? and see where the flames are bursting out of the window. Oh! Lord, that it should come to this! Run, fly, bring the engine, ye ragamuffins; would ye see your master burnt before your face?" And John pulled off his wig, threw it in the air, and danced about the room in a fit of desperation.

A last, having come a little to himself, he put his wig again on his head, and walked down to the court, where such a scene of confusion was going on as never man beheld—the fire blazing, the torches flaring, the engines playing, the spectators roaring, the firemen cursing, the pickpockets filching, the constables cracking the sconces of the crowd. Here was one fellow directing the nozzle of his water-pipe full in his neighbour's face, as if the fire had been in his inside; there was another throwing out glasses and crockery, ware from a third pair of stairs window for the sake of preservation, while a third, with nothing on but his shirt, was letting himself down by a blanket, and dangling with his legs in the air, some dozen feet above the court, afraid to let go his hold. Allsop, unobserved, and got into the under servant's room, from which he reappeared speedily, and descended the ladder with much importance, holding something very carefully wrapped up under his cloak. John hurried up to him to thank him, thinking he had brought away his title deeds and securities at least, but to his great mortification, when Allsop displayed his treasure, 'twas merely a cracked chamber vase, filled with waste paper.

"Where's Noddy?" cried John—"twas his business to look after the fire in the servants' room."

"Oh! Noddy went a snipe-shooting this morning, and hasn't yet returned."

"Where's Hob, then?—one of them at least might have been there."

"He has lost his way in some of the woods and forests about," said another.

"Damn the upper servants' room," shouted Allsop—"let it blaze, but save the buttery."

"That stingy old codger, John, would not enlarge our room," Ham was overheard to say—

"though we were squeezed and stank to death in it; but docks must give us a decent room to sit in, whether he will or no."

And in truth it seemed as if most of them, if they hadn't a hand in the fire, rather thought the bouffe a good joke, for many were laughing heartily, and swilling porter and flip, instead of lending a hand at the engine or the pump, while poor John's goods and chattels were consuming. At last with much ado the fire was got under, though not until all that side of the manorhouse, where the servants' rooms were, was fairly burnt to the ground. And though John was ensnared to some extent, the loss will certainly be serious. The servants themselves, who had been on the alert, lost little; indeed, nobody made any great complaint except Buckram, who was seen walking up and down the street the next day among the ruins, seeing for one which had been left hanging on the wall, which he found at last in a corner dripping and a most deplorable spectacle.

An inquest over his remains was held before Mr. Ratter on Monday, when a verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned by the jury. The deceased had been a farmer at Newcombe-upon-Tyne, but was reduced in circumstances, and compelled to work as a labourer on the railway for a livelihood. He often appeared wrapped in thought, and it is therefore probable that he did not hear the advancing train. He was 47 years of age. There appears to us to have been a want of due attention on the part of those having charge of the train.—*Spectator.*

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THE GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, 23rd MAY, 1835.

His Highness the Imam of Muscat's Line of battle Ship, *Liverpool*, from Zanzibar the 19th ultimo, arrived here on the 21st instant.

Late yesterday evening, the Ship *William Turner*, Charles Leitch, Master, arrived from Liverpool, the 12th January.

Passengers.—Mr. Joseph Murphy, and two Natives.

We see it stated in the *Meerut Observer* of the 7th instant that orders have been received to put the Nuwab of Ferozpoor and all the other parties suspected of being implicated in the murder of the late Mr. Fraser at Delhi, on their trial, and that, should the parties be found guilty, it is the intention of Government to inflict the severest punishment the law will admit.

We beg to refer our readers to the letter signed "ONE OF THE MEMORIALISTS," with its accompaniments. We hope the army will at once meet the views of the Court, that the Fund may not get crippled by the withdrawal of the Subscription of the Company.

We incline to think our correspondent J. P. labours under a mistake. The Regulation which authorizes the seizure of a man's goods before the alleged debt is established by a decree of the court cannot have been founded on the practice of the British Courts, in so far as no such practice exists there. By the practice of the British courts the goods of no man can be seized except under a writ of execution. We need scarcely add that that writ is not obtained until the debt is established against the Defendant by the judgment of the Court. In a case of contempt, a court of equity may, we believe, act on the almost obsolete writ of sequestration, but it is only a strong case of necessity, and attended with circumstances which render it absolutely necessary for the court to take the property in their own keeping for the sake of safety, that an application for such a writ is granted. Were such license to be obtained in every case where a Plaintiff makes affidavit to a certain amount of debt, the Court would become a furniture store-room, and the Judges the key keepers.

The safe guards of which J. P. speaks amount to nothing more than this, that if a man has had his property seized, and himself imprisoned for a debt which it turns out on investigation he does not owe, he has a remedy against the Plaintiff by action of damages, and the further consolation, under certain circumstances, of having the Plaintiff indicted for perjury. But we fear both those remedies would be considered a very poor satisfaction, and certainly would be no reparation for the wrongous imprisonment the Defendant had suffered. The liberty of the subject ought not to be invaded on any grounds other than a strong State necessity, and that principle is now almost universally acknowledged. Although there may be many shades of offences against society which, viewed in the abstract, might seem to justify the temporary confinement of an individual, yet all persons have sunk under or differ for the furtherance of the main principle—namely, that the liberty of the subject ought not to be abridged but in cases where the offence charged amounts to a crime against society, and public order. It will be difficult to show that the crime of being in debt amounts to one of the aggravated character pointed out.

Our Correspondent invites our aid in discovering a specific by which no innocent man may suffer. That specific, would, like the Philosopher's stone, be of such rare value, that we may not so readily give it to the world, we ourselves intending to take out a Patent for it, but in the meantime, reasoning as if we possessed no such secret, we may be allowed to ask—is a system which is notoriously bad, and which has been decreed from the Isle of Thule to the most remote corner of Cornwall, to be persevered in, merely because a specific has not yet been made known by which innocent men may be saved from suffering? By the regulation in question all must suffer, whether innocent or guilty, if a creditor, fictitious or real, chooses to make affidavit to certain facts, but it is written that it is better that nineteen or some other number of guilty men should escape rather than that one innocent man should suffer. Altogether, we cannot agree with our correspondent in thinking the system of the provincial Courts so perfect as he seems to consider them, and we hope the Law Commissioners will establish one uniform and consistent code which will have the effect

of abolishing many of the anomalies which are to be met with in the Regulations under which those Courts now act.

The following is a continuation of the sketch of the affairs of Persia with which we have been favoured by a gentleman who was an eye witness:

The morning of our entré to Tehran was one of those fine winter mornings peculiar to a Persian climate. The mountains had just been capped with the whitest snow, and the Dage-wand (Mt. Blanc of the Et-bourgeois) with the rays of the morning sun reflected on it, seemed to smile through its hoary mist on the deeds we had done. Our young Hero appeared pensive, and no doubt allowed himself to feel the important epoch that day would introduce in his life. The steed he rode was pure Turkoman, and its well turned limbs seemed to labour under the weight of the costly trappings that ornamented them; he led the way followed by both Ambassadors with their Attaches, and a cloud of followers from almost every part of Asia, among them the Koords, with their glittering helmets, and well balanced spears, cut a most conspicuous figure; having neared the town, we passed through the ranks of Troops drawn up in line, and entered the Negareh-Stan Palace. The nightingales (that warble all the year round in Persia) had scarcely finished their matins when our unexpected intrusion obliged the warblers to greet their Young King and fly to a more peaceful orchestra. His Majesty left us to robe, and shortly after summoned us to his presence—we found him seated in the State Chair with a Crown on, the right side of which, was placed the Gikka, a very handsome jewelled ornament. The Ambassadors now took their seats, Count Sumner on the right of the Throne, and Sir John Campbell on the left, the Artillery having fired a salute of 101 Guns, he received the congratulations of both these personages, returning a most elegant speech in which he thanked them for the trouble they had taken in his interests, he addressed Sir John Campbell, in a most flattering manner, calling him his friend, and adding that he was indebted to him alone for his Crown: after some formal nois, which are so very difficult to describe. These tenets was in a large Court in the Mirror Palace, the Court dresses worn by some of the Princes—there were no less than a hundred of them present, almost all sons of the late King—were costly, and beautiful. On the King ascending the Throne a grand salute was fired of one hundred and one guns, and three volleys from a brigade of Zambrooks. The King, a handsome young man, looked extremely well, with his splendid crown on, and armlets of the most valuable jewels in the world. The Marble Throne, supported by fabulous animals, is very ancient, and considered a superior to any other in the East. The King having smoked his magnificent Calash twice, and the coronation prayer being finished, he was addressed by the Asnif-e-Dowlat, who having described the extent and the antiquity of the empire he was called upon to rule, congratulated him on becoming Sovereign of a country, the customs and laws of which had never changed; the King answered this address in Turkish, and in which he expressed his determination to maintain the laws and customs unaltered, both in church and state. He then rose amidst the acclamations of all present. We shortly after had a private audience of His Majesty, when he repeated his entire approbation of the conduct of the English, and said they were the first fellows in the world.

Uncertain reports daily arrived from the South, giving varied accounts of the Firman Fuman's forces, and Kham Makim with his usual vile policy, refused to draw from the Treasury the money to pay the Troops, waiting to receive back that which had been taken from its coffers by the unfortunate Zilla Sultan. The still unsettled state of affairs—and the dangerous consequences that might naturally be expected from delay in sending a force Southward, where the Firman Furma was taking advantage of our absence to organize and discipline an Army—was directly represented to the King, by the European representatives. His Majesty who showed a little energy on this occasion, gave immediate orders for a force to be got in readiness to be commanded by Sir Henry Beaune, K. L. S., who received a most flattering Firman on being invested with his Kilitar. It was such as had never been issued to any European before, making him General of Artillery, and every power of life and death over the Army, and all tribes he might meet with on his march to Fais. We moved from the Capital on the 3d Feb. and concentrated at Kausan, from which place the whole army, consisting of from four to five thousand fighting men, marched on the 9th Feb. On the 11th, we arrived at Nattans, a delightfully situated Town, and remarkable for the beauty of its fair daughters; here a letter from the Prince of Sepahan reached us, it was expressive of extreme fear, and stated that the forces of the Firman Furma were within a few marches of the Town. He expected us to make all possible speed and save the Town from the destruction that appeared to threaten it, the assembly was immediately ordered, and within one hour every man was on the march for Isphahan, a distance of 84 miles: this fatiguing task was performed by the army without water or provisions, and strange to say, without a grumble, in four and twenty hours, having on the evening of the 12th, pitched our camp close to the walls of Isphahan. We found on our arrival, much to our disgust, that the rapid march was not so necessary as we were led to suppose it was by the Prince's letter, that gentlemen had more to fear from the mob of the Town than any foreign enemy—this rabble had elected two of their party to govern the Town, calling them Kings, they succeeded in defeating and killing a great many of the Prince's soldiers, and obliged the weak Prince himself to take refuge in his Harem. The day after our arrival, these two plebeian Kings were blown away from the Guns, and having arranged the affairs of the City, we resumed our march to meet the forces of Hassan Ali Murra, of whose hostile intentions we had positive intelligence—We arrived at Gum Sha on the 23d Feb., when we apprehended one of the enemy's scouts. On the 24th, his advance guard was seen by our pickets—early on the 25th, our advance horse kept up a smart fire on about 250 of the enemy's cavalry; they stood very steady till evening, when they retired, carrying away some killed and wounded. Sir Henry now decided on fighting a general action, and thus decided the affairs of Persia, the enemy encompassed his whole force in a ruin about a mile from our camp, and appeared to have the advantage of us in horse, Sir Henry having formed his plans, gave orders for the army to march at day-break, to be drawn up in contiguous columns of Battalions, at quarter distance, in rear of the guns. The night was passed in death like silence, with every now and again, the Hagarbash of a watchful sentinel satisfying us that all was well, and at dawn, the enemy fired a gun, some said with a view to make our hearers cold—and the Regiments, having taken their places in the columns, we marched, leaving our followers be-

hind—we had not gone far, when we observed the columns of the enemy diverging from their encampment and marching parallel to our line of march, at a distance of about five miles, we immediately altered the head of the column, and crossing a river close on our right, traversed a splendid plain—we had some difficulty in getting the heavy guns over the river—Both armies were now closing fast and marching on a small village, situated in the plain called Kiser Chum. We endeavoured to get possession of this point before the enemy, but owing to the delay occasioned in getting the heavy guns over the rivule, we were thrown out of it, and the enemy placed his guns in the battery in some ruins close to the village. We now formed line on the artillery, and kept up a very destructive fire on the clouds of horse in the village, it was answered from their artillery, and some well directed balls fell quite close in front, and rear of our line, a shot from one of our Eighteens dislodged one of the enemy's Guns, killing three men, and several horses—some of his Artillery men came over at this period of the affair, and the battery was in consequence silenced. Our guns kept a hot fire on their columns in which numbers appeared to fall, and they were now seen to give way, leaving the village which was rendered by our guns too hot for them—they retired behind it, and now some smart skirmishing took place, in which we lost some men: a Major and one or two officers received very dangerous wounds. A shell having fallen in the Prince's tent, which wounded him slightly, and astonished his followers, they began the retreat, which shortly afterwards became general.

(To be continued.)

EUROPE.

EXPOSURE OF THE SPY SYSTEM IN THE DAYS OF TORY RULE.

A cause has been tried during the past week in the Court of Exchequer of more than ordinary interest and importance, at the present time. This will be our excuse for presenting it at some length to our readers. It was an action for a libel by the plaintiff, Alexander Baillie Macdonald, against the defendants, Richard Marshall and John Miles, the London publishers of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. The libel was an article on the Spy System pursued fourteen years ago in Scotland by the agents of the Sidmouth Government. The plaintiff was called, in the course of it, a "rascally spy"—a "basely treacherous, and utterly infamous"—a "villain spy"—a "social-burker"—a "ruffian—an incendiary"—and a "traitor." To the declaration, the defendants pleaded a justification. The plaintiff was his own counsel, stated his case in person at great length, justified his conduct, and repelled the attack upon him, that he was a spy and instigator, and bitterly complained of those attacks. The publications in the various numbers of *Tait's Magazine* were then put in and read.—Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, for the defendants, addressed the Court at considerable length in speech of great eloquence and animation. We shall give it at some length, because it presents, in a striking shape, a detail of the singular circumstances of the trial; nor will our doing so be considered partial, or against the plaintiff, when we add that the evidence so completely established every statement of the learned Sergeant as to force the plaintiff to consent to a nonsuit. We may say, at the same time, that what follows is in the main from our own reporter. Our reason for pursuing this course we have stated elsewhere.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd rose, and addressed the jury for the defendants. "They were the London publishers of *Mr. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*—exercising no controul over the matter which it contains—carrying on their trade at a distance of 400 miles from the place where the work is arranged and originally published—receiving its successive numbers in the ordinary course of transmission by the mail or the steam-boat, to be circulated through the ordinary channels of periodical distribution—as incapable of feeling malice against the plaintiff as the paper on which the work is impressed—and ignorant of his very being, unless they haply might have read of his exploits as a part of Scottish history. He did not deny that, as the law of libel stands, if, indeed, within the covers of the work which they have so assisted to circulate, there be found matter defamatory of one who has any right to complain—if, indeed, the plaintiff was, as he dares to aver, a person of good name, fame, and credit—reputed, esteemed, and accepted by his neighbours, a good and worthy subject of this realm—wholly unsuspected of treachery or baseness—that they were liable to be selected by him for this proceeding; and not only they, but every bookseller in every town throughout the kingdom who has received a copy of this Magazine in his monthly parcel and has handed it to his customer: and every gentleman, and every lady who has lent a copy to a friend—was liable to an action at Mr. Richmond's suit. But making this admission, as to the right of choice which the plaintiff possessed, he might be permitted to express his amazement at the manner in which he had exercised it, not only in respect of the parties who he had selected for his adversaries, but for the scene in which he had chosen to vindicate the unspotted and unsuspected character which he claimed to enjoy. There were cases in which not only the technical rules of law, but moral justice, may render a publisher, although not actually cognizant of the defamatory matter which he assisted in diffusing, responsible to one whom it injured—as when the original author and publisher are conceded incapable to make the reparation sought—where the palpable object of the work being to acquire a sale by pandering to the ignoble and depraved desire for information

as to the secret passages of domestic life cannot be unknown to him who sends it—but neither reason can here be given to explain the plaintiff's choice. Mr. Tait's name was on the front of his work as the responsible publisher. Some of the broken sentences complained of, as derogatory of Mr. Richmond's good repute, were culled from a letter signed with Mr. Tait's name as the author, and others were comments appended to a letter which Mr. Richmond himself personally addressed to Mr. Tait for insertion in this very work, and which Mr. Tait inserted at his desire. Neither could it be pretended that this monthly publication, more than the *Edinburgh or Quarterly Review*, was one which a London publisher should receive with peculiar caution; it was a work altogether critical or reflective; one of those periodical publications which the quick spirit of the age had made the vehicles of much of the feeling, the thought, and the imagination which were formerly to be sought only in massive volumes; and was not monstrous that because, in such a publication, investigating and assailing a system of policy belonging to times long gone by—and he trusted in God never to return—allusion was made to one of the actors in well-known scenes illustrative of its consequences, he should start up in his own proper person, from the silence of years, and draw from these unconscious publishers a compensation for a malicious attack on one whom they did not know was still among the living? But grant that the defendants were morally as well as legally responsible—the fittest parties to be such—how could the plaintiff explain, for his own sake, the trial of this question here which he might have tried in Scotland? He was a Scotchman—all the actors in the strange and melancholy drama in which he was engaged fourteen years ago were Scotchmen—their repute, good or evil, which attended him on these occasions, yet lingers in Scotland—the parties to whom he appeals as the depositaries of his innocence were there—the work in which the memory of his actions was revived was published there—and yet here in London, for from all the means of his own vindication, he elected to sue, and the objects of his attack were, London publishers, to select whom he passed by the gentleman who stands forth confessed—whom he has personally assailed in turn—in order to reach a scene where he may stand a mere human abstraction with his parchment character, instead of reading it in the eyes, and feeling it in the half-suppressed exclamations of those among whom it was won, and of their children. But this was only the beginning of the circumstances attendant on the present cause. When we get the next step beyond the London publishers, and have exhausted our wonder that they should be selected instead of Mr. Tait, and look at the articles themselves, we shall find that they assert nothing upon the personal knowledge of the writer; that they assert nothing on the authority of anonymous and peculiar sources of information; but that they refer to printed works for all the facts whence their inferences are drawn, and which supply the indignation which I admit they breathe. In the first place, the original article was a mere review of a work then in circulation—not quite in the form in which the reviews were presented, with a heading—but in the form perfectly familiar to the readers of magazines, with the heading an article, and reference to the work which has supplied its principal materials. A year before this review appeared, the work which formed its basis has been published in Glasgow in fifteen successive numbers, entitled, "*Exposure of the Spy System pursued in Glasgow during the Years 1816, 1817, &c.*"—and every number of which, except the first, is headed "*Exploits of Richmond. Exposure of the Spy System.*"—and which, when completed, were published in a volume. During the year, Mr. Richmond took no step towards vindicating himself from the charges contained in this work, which was most extensively circulated. Not only did he bring no action, but he made no remonstrance—testifying to all the world, by that eloquent silence, that the charges were incapable of contradiction, and inviting them to comment on them as true. Why did not Mr. Richmond, if after this year he had suddenly bethought himself of his character, bring his action against the well-known author of that work—Mr. Peter Mackenzie—instead of the reviewer, or rather the vendor of the review? Was it because he feared to encounter the party who had collected the materials of justification? or was it because he could find no London publisher of that work through whom he might change the scene to a place where he might flatter himself the truth could not be proved, far from that in which the memory of his conduct interfused in the political and moral sense of the people? And when the jury found him seeking a trial in London, he was obliged to confess, as would appear from his own *Narrative*, that he had been placed in a most ambiguous situation, when he was compelled to admit that outline of the case he was the spy, with whatever epithet he might think fit to qualify that designation; and when they found he appealed to Lord Jeffrey, Lord Lockhart, and Lord Meadowbank—persons filling high judicial offices in Scotland—as the parties capable of explaining these facts, they would see that there must be some all-powerful motive for his passing by the Edinburgh

(Continued after the Poetry.)

POETRY.

I Love thee not for those bright charms,
Which, now in thee appear;
For beauty's spell the bosom warms
But for a period, dear!
But O! I love thee for thy truth,
Thy purity of mind,
Thy gentleness of manners sooth,
Which best becomes thy kind.
O! these are charms which ever last,
Though youth and beauty's spells are past.
But more the circumstance, thou art
A helpless, orphan girl,
For ever bathed in my pitying heart
To thee, my dearest pearl.
O when I think of thee, whose joy
Is sealed with me for ever,
How can I dare my truth alloy
With thoughts from thee to sever?
No, no; I cannot ever prove
Aught else but, dear! thy only love.

Asiatic Journal.] KAPIPRASAD GHOSH.

(Continued from 3rd page.)

publisher, with whom he had been in collision with and presenting himself here, instead of committing his cause, and with it his character, to the feelings and judgment of those among whom that character, for the injury to which he sought reparation, was acquired. Was it just that a plaintiff should suffer publications in Glasgow, where his relations and friends lived, to remain unnoticed, and then, when a reviewer reasoned on these publications, turn round upon the writer of the review, and, with the object of escaping from all inquiry in his own country, bring an action against the publishers of the review in London, where he was sure it was impossible that the defendants could procure the attendance of the distinguished persons to whom the plaintiff himself had referred? In the work of Mr Mackenzie was not the first publication upon the subject of Mr. Richmond's exploits, nor was the author of that work the person of whom the plaintiff had the greatest right to complain. The plaintiff well knew there was a prior publication in 1824 (the second edition in 1825), the author of which he ought most to complain of, if he had a right to complain at all; and that author was himself. He (Mr. Serjeant Talfourd) held in his hands a copy of that book, which he would give in evidence, and show that when fairly considered it proved almost every charge contained in the articles of which the plaintiff now complained. The title of the book was—"A Narrative of the Condition of the Manufacturing Population, and the proceedings of Government which led to the State Trials in Scotland for Administering unlawful Oaths and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1817." (There was a book to unveil the secrets of the prison-house?) with a detailed account of the system of espionage adopted at that period in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, by Alex. B. Richmond, Glasgow 1825." The plaintiff, by that work, became the source of the articles in the magazine of which he then complained. It was a most curious piece of autobiography, an extraordinary development of the workings and self-deceptions of the human mind. Enigmatical in some respects, it was made clear by this work that the plaintiff had been vainly importing Government to give him compensation for his services; that he complained bitterly of Lord Sidmouth, because his Lordship had sold out him with Castles, Oliver, and Edwards, and like them he had been offered an asylum in a distant country; it was clear that he pressed for indemnity although he said that he returned the offer of reward, and cited the celebrated line of Spenser on the sutor's misery; and it was clear that after long solicitation he determined to be revenged on his employers for the neglect he suffered, and with that resolution he came forward in 1824, voluntarily and unabashed, as the historian of his own course. It was not improbable certainly that the plaintiff meant, in his anger, to confess the truth, but, (as in similar cases it will often happen) certain reservations, which the human mind, perhaps unconsciously, made, concealed even from himself the hideousness of his own proceedings, and prevented his publishing to mankind the whole of himself as he really was. But suppose the inferences drawn from this work were incorrect; suppose the plaintiff was "pure in the last recesses of the mind," even when organizing a body of spies, who were not to know each other; was it not monstrous that a man who thus published himself to the world, and made his appeal to public opinion, should afterwards attack those who, accepting the invitation, referred to this work, as making out the charge against himself, and bring an action against them? When a man published a literary work, he subjected it to the fair and legitimate criticism of the world, which had no right, because he published, to infringe the sanctity of private life; but when a book purported to be an account of a man's own self, his appeal was made not to the intellectual, but to the moral opinion of the world upon his conduct. Greater men, whom it was almost a sacrifice to name to the plaintiff, whose genius had produced lasting effects upon human society, had, from an intense and over-earnest consciousness of their own being, been induced to lay open to the world the secret recesses of their nature, and to make even the beatings of their hearts audible to the public ear. If the jury had to deal with such a case—if, instead of the airy and gossamer course of the person who had placed himself before them, they had to follow the dry lights and excesses of genius—if they had to judge of the confessions of Rousseau instead of Richmond, and of some commentary on those confessions, would it not be monstrous that the answer to the appeal should be treated as a libel, and the subject of an action of damages? Either the book of Mr. Richmond, vindicated or condemned him; if the former, the reader was referred again and again to it as the authority of the reviewer; if the latter,

of what had the plaintiff to complain? Having made these preliminary remarks, he would now bring before the jury the historical circumstances of the case. In the commencement of 1817, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and various acts were passed during the session vesting the Government with extraordinary powers. These acts were founded upon the report of a secret committee of the House of Commons respecting treasonable conspiracies alleged to exist both in England and the west of Scotland, and a great impression was produced in the House of Commons by the Lord Advocate, who read a copy of a treasonable confederacy a vast number of people at Glasgow. A great meeting for the purpose of petitioning for Parliamentary reform had been held at Thrusburgh on the 29th of October, 1816; and the greatest excitement existed among the operative weavers. On the 22d of February, 1817, a number of persons who had assembled at a house in Glasgow were apprehended by the local authorities under the direction of Mr. Finlay, who, if the plaintiff was to be believed, was then in direct communication with Government. The result was, as stated ultimately the parties were acquitted, chiefly principally, it was supposed, from the extraordinary miscalculation of the prosecutors upon the evidence to be given by a person named John Campbell, on whose testimony they mainly relied. It, however, was not improbable, or at least it appeared, from the representation of the plaintiff, who described himself as being in communication with the Crown lawyers, that if a verdict of guilty had been obtained, it would have been followed by the execution of some of the prisoners, and by the transportation of others. He would now more immediately advert to the part the plaintiff had taken in these proceedings, as chiefly developed in his own work. The learned serjeant here read many passages from the Narrative, to show that the plaintiff entered into an engagement with Mr. Finlay to investigate the existence of an alleged conspiracy, to report to him from time to time, as he said, to use his endeavours to disperse it, taking care himself to remain unknown, and then contrasted the mitigated view which the plaintiff had taken of his own proceedings with that which was, as he said, deducible from undoubted facts; for the plaintiff, by his Narrative, had shown that he had acted in a state of bitter hostility; that Mr. Finlay, his former opponent and new ally, had refused to exert his influence to save him from prison; that he had professed to be and to continue a reformer, and yet had consented to become the tool of one whom he himself stated to have been in direct communication with Lord Sidmouth; that he had recommended a system of inferior spies, and had supplied the parties upon whom he practised (Mr. Lachlan and Campbell) with small sums of money, yet so regulated as not to excite suspicion (which money must have been supplied by his employers); that he had communicated with the Crown lawyers, and had also offered himself as witness for the prosecution; that his pretence of desiring to disperse the conspiracy through the medium of one or two persons whom he had practised upon was utterly absurd and monstrous, and that the man he had first practised upon, Mr. Lachlan, made an affidavit shortly after the apprehension of the prisoners, in which he charged the plaintiff with being the instigator of the whole. This affidavit had been published in the Glasgow Chronicle, and the plaintiff had not dared to impugn it. The learned serjeant then referred to several passages, to show that the charge against the plaintiff implied by the review was distinctly made against him at the time, and especially to a passage in which he stated that his name was immediately associated with a Reynolds, a Castle, and an Oliver, and he put it to the jury that each of those gentlemen might have their respective actions against Mr. Richmond, and drew the picture of an action brought against the plaintiff at Edinburgh, for loss of character, by Mr. Castles, which he said would be the converse of the present case. The learned serjeant then stated, that in spite of the distance of 400 miles on which the plaintiff had reckoned; in spite of the lapse of time and the ravages of death; although many of the victims of the plaintiff had gone so their last account, and others had been scattered abroad in different parts of the world, he would produce before the jury witnesses, one of whom, Stuart Buchanan, had actually been deposed by the plaintiff to take that very oath which the Lord Advocate had read in the House of Commons and to whom the plaintiff had represented the duty of petitioning Parliament, and the necessity of using the bayonet; to whom he had delivered out ball-cartridges as part of the ammunition supplied in furtherance of the conspiracy; to whom he had boasted of correspondences in England; and others to whom similar solicitations had been applied, but applied in vain. He said that Wm. Mc Kinnon, whose name was introduced in the work reviewed, as one of the plaintiff's intended victims, who could prove every word of the statement respecting him to be true. He would read letters addressed by the plaintiff, at the time when his treachery became manifest to one of his former companions, a man named Wilson, in which he admitted himself to be generally regarded as an unprincipled villain letters which with Wilson's answer, and appeared in 1717 in the Glasgow Chronicle—and had remained unexplained to this hour. Mr. Richmond's book would prove that he had an intimate acquaintance with the distresses of the men among whom he moved; that he had been the partaker of their indignation, their sufferings, their hopes—and was the man who could play upon their miseries, and use even his sad experiences as the materials of something; them in the thralls of secret conspiracy, one who was now to complain of the history of his deeds? He had been himself a reformer; he would represent that even when associated with Mr. Finlay, the avowed correspondent of Lord Sidmouth, he was a reformer still; and if, indeed, in spite of this strange fellowship, any remains of his former enthusiasm yet lingered—if, in his declamations, any touch of the old feeling, which he had once cherished revived—that very circumstance would make him infinitely more dangerous, because more capable of engaging the sympathy of his deluded hearers, than if he were really a cold and calculating traitor. It was the peculiarity of the degraded situation he had been induced to assume, that the transitory gleams of honesty he had extinguished—the very domestic affections he had boasted—the very sufferings which might give him some moral allowance, become the instruments of his purpose to delude and to betray;—and whom to betray? Not the dissolute and the wretched whom an accomplice might seduce into a particular act of crime, but honest enthusiasts; men of high moral courage and principle; men who in the dungeon and on the scaffold were capable of exhibiting such affecting bravery, as drew even tears from those who saw they had been endangered, and who were compelled—ac though they were more completely in political necessity to sacrifice them. He (Mr. Serjeant Talfourd) was ready to admit—and Mr. Tait had already admitted, in terms even more large than the facts would justify—that the plaintiff did not shrink from the blood of his victims—that he would have preferred their escaping so that he obtained the reward for which he had sold his own honest hopes—that he had yielded to infamy under the pressure of the strong temptation of distress, and that there were within his work evidences of relenting and of shame to veil from himself the shameful parts of his own conduct; which rather bespoke a defective moral sense than the full consciousness of villainy. But that he had put the lives of many in peril could not be denied—for whose escape, occasioned by means in which he had no share, he had to thank God to his

dying hour. He strove in his book to represent himself as the gentlest of spies. But it could not be doubted, that even from his own mitigated view of his conduct, that he was the agent of a system which involved the worst of treason—treason to all those affections, and charities, and confidences to protect which we were willing to surrender a portion of our natural freedom—without which, society was a bloodless, lifeless thing, a mere machinery of punishment—which poisoned the sources whence its vital current ran, in which it must live or bear no life. Rather than endure the petty tortures, the thousand treasors of this system under the form of constitutional freedom, he (the learned Serjeant) would say, "Give me an honest despotism!" beneath the shade of whose iron fortresses our little circle of friendships may be sacred, and which, at least, will not deprive its slaves of fellowship and sympathy in their griefs and shames. That system was, he believed, part for ever. Whatever labours the spirit of humanity and of freedom had yet to undergo—if it was yet to be opposed to earth-born power, instead of being infused and blended with it—the contest would be a manly, open, soldier-like battle not a series of violations of all that made life dear to us. Admitting that the plaintiff might not be the worst of these base instruments which power had created, admitting that there might be (and his book gave evidence that there was) some self-deceptions in the course of his proceedings, and some after-relentings which might bring him within the scope of human sympathy—admitting that there were traits of his fellowship with a nature, its lowest descents and degradations, never wholly divorced from the spirit of good—seeking not to deprive him of such allowances between his conscience and his duty—the jury would tell him that he, the instigator and the betrayer, had no right to complain in a court of justice, when, at his own call, the iniquities of long past years started up in spectral array, because men shuddered at the sight—or to ask damages for the commentaries of history and of criticism upon a character the price of which he had already received in those "few hundred pounds" which were paid to him by the Government for his unhappy six weeks' service, and for which they would not allow him to be paid a farthing more.

When the court sat down, it was difficult to restrain the feelings which overcame the Court. The witnesses were then called, chiefly poor weavers and labouring men, who distinctly proved the whole of the learned Serjeant's case. Nothing could be more simple or directly to the purpose than everything they said. We will give one or two short extracts—W. McKinnon, examined by Mr. Platt: I am a weaver, residing at Bridgetown, near Glasgow, I first knew the plaintiff in 1811. He was then a weaver at Pollockshaws, within three miles of Glasgow. (Witness went on to describe the persuasions of Richmond to entrap him into a treasonable confederacy.) I considered it ridiculous in the extreme for you to make such a proposition, and I wondered at your conduct. I did not think you so ignorant a man, but I thought it was a slip you had made at the time. I thought it extremely foolish in you to do so. My memory is not impaired.—Stuart Buchanan, examined by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd: I was a weaver in 1816, and knew Richmond from 1812; he was then a hand loom weaver at Pollockshaws; he lived at Glasgow in 1816. He had a room over where I worked, he had two children then.—The plaintiff then cross-examined him, said—Don't be petulant. Did you ever see me before Saturday last? I have seen you before Saturday hundreds of times in my life. I first saw you in the Shaws in 1812. I often contended with your wife, and a poor broken-hearted woman she was. She went about in rage, and crying for victuals. The witness then proved his own seduction into taking the oath. The very next day after I took the oath I reflected, and went on no further.—Other witnesses were then examined, and among them Robert Craig, weaver, and William Wetherespoon, shopkeeper in Glasgow. The chief points of their evidence are elsewhere stated. The latter said—After Richmond's conduct became notorious, the witness met him; I said you do not seem to have the courage of your friends Oliver and Castles, who appeared in court with their robes of blood on their back. He seemed agitated. I said 'Sandy, this has been a good paying job for you. At the Calton your little ones could not come out for their rage, but now they are dressed like gentlemen's children.' He said 'he did not care a dam for me,' and went away laughing.—Mr. Owen, of Lanark was then called as having sought to employ the plaintiff, but he said he should be the last in the world to wish to be connected with a man who wished to entrap others.—Plaintiff: So should I.—Mr. Baron Parker: That the jury are to judge of.—The plaintiff then said he had no opportunity at present to answer the strong evidence offered against him.—Mr. Baron Parker: Then you must elect to be nonsuited.—The plaintiff consented and "was called!"—*Examiner, Dec. 28.*

FALL OF THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY.

(Concluded from last Saturday's Gazette.)

When doctrines of this sort tending to the utter annihilation of our constitution in church and state, and calculated to let in a flood of anarchy, conversion, and revolution upon the nation were openly broached by the Movement Party, and embodied in bills to be supported by their whole weight in the Legislature, it is not surprising that the rational, conscientious, and high-minded part of the Whigs, (and there were many such who had unhappily been seduced by the Reform mania,) broke off from the alliance with such auxiliaries. The sober-minded friends of freedom in the country accordingly rapidly fell off, and it became evident, even to the most casual observer, that a very great increase of Conservative principles in the better and highly educated classes of society, was taking place. This change, coupled with the cooling of the Reform zeal consequent upon the entire absence of any practical benefit from the change, soon communicated itself to the Cabinet. The Conservatism Whigs, the men who supported Reform, but not Revolution, who were sincere in their wish to renovate but not destroy our venerable institutions, separated themselves from their more influential brethren. Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon, influenced by the feelings of true patriotism, broke off upon occasion of the Irish Church Bill, when the intention of applying ecclesiastical property to secular purposes, was first openly announced, and a measure of spoliation calculated immediately, and without any compensation, to confiscate private property, first received the sanction of Government. A dark intrigue conducted at the time when by more accident Lord Brougham happened to be corresponding with Lord Wellesley in Greek on the comparative merits of Sophocles and Aeschylus, next led to the resignation of Lord Grey. There remained only the Radical rump, under the guidance of a plomach worthy of better things, Lord Melbourne. But the weakness and divisions of his Cabinet soon became such as to render it evident to all that a total change, either toward Conservatism or Radicalism was approaching. The Edinburgh dinner was a desperate effort to

drop up a falling cause. But the divisions which it brought to light, the heartburnings which it engendered, the controversy to which it led, served only to expose still more the weakness and nakedness of the land. In vain Lord Brougham travelled from Devonshire to Caithness, catering for popularity with all the Reform town councils, and dragging the Great Seal of England through the dirt in the vain endeavour to regain a rapidly sinking popularity. The desperate and discreditable attempt totally failed. The Press even, of which he had so long been the enfant gâté, turned fiercely and indignantly against him. The bubble burst, and a fall almost as rapid and complete as that of Cardinal Wolsey, revealed to the world the flimsy unstable nature of the foundation on which such a reputation rested.

At length Lord Melbourne, aware that matters could not go on as they were, waited upon the King, upon occasion of the death of Earl Spencer, and in submitting the proposed arrangements to his consideration, candidly acknowledged that he required to recruit his forces in the extreme Radical camp, and that the sacrifice of a large portion of the Irish Church, and the extinction of the Protestant religion in a considerable part of that island, were the conditions of such an alliance. The mark had now, therefore, fallen from the face of the Movement Party. Half measures were no longer proposed—spoliation and confiscation were openly avowed—and the proposal to admit the Radicals into the Cabinet was equivalent to a proposal to plunge at once into the vortex of revolution. The Monarch instantly, and in the spirit of his ancestors, took his part—he positively refused to be a party to any such attempt, and calling the Hero of Waterloo to his councils, threw himself without reserve into the arms of that noble party which through every danger and obloquy had boldly stood by their country, and with whose ascendancy all the brightest glories, as well as the happiest periods of its history, have been identified.

The Whigs have fallen! but in what state have they left the country to their successors? Have they, during the four years that they kept possession of the helm, repressed the spirit of disaffection, enlarged the fields of industry, upheld the honour of the State, extinguished the bitterness of faction? Is the nation more united, more orderly, more prosperous, than it was when they were called to the royal councils? Is Ireland more tranquil, conflagration and murder less frequent in its fields since the great agitator was allowed to escape, after having pleaded guilty, and rewarded for his efforts by a silk gown? Are the West Indies more tranquil; contented? and is the condition of the slaves in those important colonies really ameliorated by having the lash of an overseer exchanged for that of a stipendiary magistrate? Are the foreign relations of the empire in a satisfactory state? Have we put a bridge in the mouth of the Russian autocrat in the east, or held fast by our alliances with our ancient confederates in the west of Europe? Has the alliance with France brought with it all the advantages and honours, commercial, political, and moral, that were anticipated? and can we confidently rely on Louis Philippe to uphold the principles of freedom, or support the interests of the British empire? Is the danger of domestic disturbances or convulsions averted? Are the passions of the people calmed? and has a stream of innovation been turned from the devastating torrent of revolution, to the sober, fertilizing channels of practical improvement? These are the questions which must be answered, before the real situation of the new government can be appreciated—those are the points which must be considered: before the measure to be expected from them can be really understood.

The Whigs have been only four years in office; but during that time they have made alterations, the whole effects of which centuries will not develop. They have in that time not only effected a total and irrevocable organic change in the constitution of the state, but they have completely altered alike the balance of its internal powers, the state of its foreign relations, and the condition of its principal colonial dependencies. They have given back to the empire as they received it, compact, radiant with glory, but divided, distracted, the seeds of ruin sown with no sparing every part of its wide extent, and price anarchy implanted in its bosom, which will, sooner or later, to bring the mighty fabric to dust.

A slight retrospect of the measures of this memorable (memorable in what sense?) Administration, will demonstrate how irreparable have been the evils they have inflicted on their country, and how extremely difficult is the task which they have devolved on their successors, of steering the vessel of the state through the numerous breakers with which it is surrounded.

They came into power when the country, it may be admitted, was in a very disturbed and anxious predicament; when discontent against the measures of the liberalized Tory administration was general, and fatal divisions had paralyzed the Conservative ranks; when the prosperity of the Shipping Interest had been deeply injured by the reciprocity system; that of the manufacturers by the Free Trade dogmas; and that of the farmers by the disastrous changes, some inevitable, others voluntary, on our monetary system. Prejudicial outrage was general, confederations in the southern counties frequent, the streets and roads of London in a state of general excitement from the retrocession of the Three Glorious Days, and the anticipation of pillage and devastation over its mighty extent. They came in too, it may be conceived from the experienced inability of the Duke of Wellington to carry on the government, with the House of Commons as it was then constituted, elected under the combined excitement of the Revolution of the Barricades, and the efforts of the West India philanthropists; and they came in pledged to non intervention, reform, and a reduction of expenditure. This was the state of the country when they were called to the helm and these the principles they were bound to carry into execution. Let us cast a glance over what they have done during the four years they were at the head of affairs.

Their first measures were, such as at once lost them the confidence of all practical or experienced statesmen, even of their own party. They

brought in a budget so monstrous that they were themselves obliged bit by bit to abandon it all; in which they proposed to shift taxation from an indirect to a direct form; to take it off files and tobacco and lay it on steam-boats and sales of estates; and to shake the whole foundations of our public credit by a heavy imposition on founded property. This was followed up by a measure for the equalization of the duties on Canadian and Baltic timber; in other words, for conferring a great and unequal boon on the holders of Norwegian forests, to the ruin of our own valuable transatlantic possessions, and which inevitable would have been followed, and that too right speedily, by a general revolt of those colonies, and the loss of a trade which employed above 500,000 tons of British shipping, and is infinitely penurious to our West India possessions, which employed 250,000 more. The whole practical men of all parties to the state stood aghast at these insane measures, which clearly demonstrated, that the members of the new Government were drenched with visionary ideas, which rendered them totally unfit for the practical direction of affairs, and were bent on a course of policy dictated by theoretical views, which would trench at every step on the great and vital interests of the country. Their own adherents therefore fell off in great numbers, even in the House of Commons, elected under circumstances so favorable to their views; they never ventured to press their budget to a division, but one by one abandoned all its provisions; and on the final question they were defeated by a majority of forty-nine. The Whig Government stood on the verge of dissolution.

The attempt therefore to govern the country according to any thing like the former system of administration under which England had become the terror and envy of the world, had failed in the hands of the new Cabinet; public confidence was rapidly leaving them; ridicule, that worst of enemies, was already pointing them out to public derision. They say they were going, and resolved on a desperate effort, if not to relieve themselves, at least to ruin their enemies; and for this purpose they brought in the Reform Bill. On the 1st March, 1832, a day to be remembered with the most disastrous which the British Empire ever knew, they brought forward the first project of that prodigious change. We recollect as if it were yesterday the astonishment, the breathless amazement with which this reckless measure was received by the legislature and the people. It drew forth shouts of laughter even from the House of Commons, elected under the tumult of the Barriade; so utterly inconceivable did it appear that so vast a change could ever for one moment be considered feasible in the stable realm of Old England. But the great majority who raised these shouts of laughter little knew, because they had never experienced, the power of democratic emotion over the human mind. Instantly the populace took fire; the vast and unlooked-for masses, exceeding tens of millions, all the wildest radicals had hoped, all that most visionary Whig had imagined, speedily spread the flame through the great cities, and urban multitudes, from one end of the empire to the other, assembled in spontaneous bodies, to support, by threefold violence, a concession of power which promised speedily to give them the uncontrolled dominion of the state.

The Conservative party were at first struck dumb with amazement. Accustomed to look for support and direction to the Government, and to follow in organized bands, rulers who acted on Conservative principles, they were at a loss how to act when they saw this new enemy suddenly rise up in their rear, and the prerogative of the Crown wielded to subvert the national institutions, at the very time that it was hardest pressed by the forces of revolution in front. Slow to move, though tendencies of purpose—sluggish in the commencement of a struggle, but often irresistible in its close, they hardly made any resistance for some weeks to a measure which threatened to introduce a greater change than any which had occurred since the Great Rebellion. Gradually, however, they recovered their senses; a perception of the immense danger consequent on the change overcame the terrors arising from the hourly increasing effervescence of the people; and on General Gascoigne's amendment, a clause which the Government deemed material was thrown out by a small majority.

With true revolutionary ardency, the Government instantly took their line. They dissolved Parliament in April, 1832, and sent the members back to their constituents, when the nation was in a paroxysm of frenzy from one end to the other, and it was morally certain that the members returned would represent, not its durable interests, or sober judgment, but fleeting passions and transient enthusiasm. Instantly the revolutionary press raised its infernal war-cry. Too often in advance only of public error, and inflammatory of passion at the moment when it most required to be cooled, it advocated, fiercely and universally, the most violent and outrageous measures. Treason was publicly spouted on the hustings and at popular meetings; violence and threats were openly recommended by the Ministerial journals;—the brickbat and the blood-gut, the torch of the incendiary and the dagger of the assassin, were generally invoked in a Cato's school, by the advocates of regeneration.

A furious mob attempted to murder the Duke of Wellington, on the anniversary of the day when he had saved his country; Bristol was during three days sacked and burnt; Nottingham castle was devastated by the Reformers; Derby was illuminated by the flames; outrage and violence were universal; and the destructive fire spreading to the most distant colonies, speedily threw Jamaica into revolt, and amidst the songs of democratic triumph in Great Britain, a sanguinary insurrection broke out in that splendid settlement; its wooded hills were illuminated by midnight conflagrations, and amidst unheard of negro suffering, four millions worth of British property was destroyed.

The object of all this violence and conflagration, however, was gained. The electors in many places were intimidated, in some beat down by open violence; in all, depressed and disheartened by the appearance of a vehemence of opinion, which it seemed impossible to resist. Amidst howls of stones and riotous assemblies, burning houses, and vicious multitudes, a treasonable Press, and an infuriated populace, the Legislature was returned, and the early noon appeared. Almost all the county members were in the more

ment interests; and a great majority of the Lower House, after an obstinate and most able resistance from the Conservative Band, passed the Reform Bill.

Still the Upper House remained; and the Barons of England, now thoroughly awakened to their danger, resolved to defend their country. Nobly and courageously they stood in the breach when bereft of all aid from the Crown and not supported, as they had a right to expect, by their disheartened adherents in the country. Twice they threw out the revolutionary measure, and the Ministry in consequence insisted on the King creating eighty Peers, to overturn the constitution; and on his refusal to do so resigned. *Ceteris paribus*! It was discovered, when the Conservative leaders were admitted into the King's confidence, that the Royal Faith was deemed to be pledged to the support of the Reform Bill; and that any Ministry which might succeed must carry through unimpeded the leading provisions of that measure. The Conservatives justly considered such a dereliction of principle impossible, and in consequence retired from the attempt to form an administration. The King was now compelled to yield; the majority of the Peers, to avoid the irretrievable shock which the constitution would have received from the open creation of a vast body to swamp the Upper branch of the Legislature, retired from the contest, and a despatch of silence and gloomy forebodings, even from its warmest supporters, the vast, the irretrievable measure, was passed into a law.

This was the great, the decisive act of the late Ministry; all that they have since done has been but a vain and impotent attempt to resist the consequences of this prodigious innovation, and to trace its steps, now irrevocably taken towards revolution. The consequences of the step were soon apparent. Such was the universal excitement which followed the great victory of the Democratic party, that the old interests of the country were generally overthrown; almost all the great towns returned members under the Reform banner; and out of the whole legislature, hardly one hundred members, when first assembled, could be relied on to resist the Movement Party, or stem the progress of violently approaching convulsion.

Meanwhile, however, the natural and usual concomitants of such measures began to appear in that part of the empire, which, by being least accustomed to political agitation, and least admitted to political privileges, was least capable of bearing its excitement. Ireland was in a state of disorder, disgraceful to European civilization, humiliating to a Christian land. Since the reform agitation had commenced, its great and atrocious crimes, always numerous, had quadrupled; every day murders were committed in all parts of the country; every night the houses were illuminated by the glare of conflagration, and the official returns laid before Parliament exhibited the fearful catalogue of fifteen hundred murders, robberies, and fire-railings, committed in three months alone. Under this atrocious system of every kind was paralyzed; the industrious inhabitants were flocking in crowds into the great towns, to take the shelter from the infuriated passions of those who had abandoned the payment of tithes had almost inevitable caused the services of religion were abandoned; and Ireland, as the first fruit of its political regeneration, was "fast relapsing," as the Ministerial writers themselves confessed, "into the savage anarchy of Aysniah."

Government took the alarm; the consequences of their proceedings; the laws of nature were written in Ireland in characters of fire; the great truth flashed upon their minds, that revolutionary excitement, if not firmly met and restrained, will speedily relapse into universal anarchy. Boldly and manfully they took their course. Passing at once, but not before it was imperatively called for, into the other extreme, they introduced, and pressed through with the whole weight of Government, a measure of great and surpassing severity, which at once suspended as the liberties of that distracted country, and introduced military courts martial to supersede the ordinary civil tribunals. The revolutionary anarchy, they had little expected, such decisions from those whom they had hitherto driven before them into all the measures of concession which they desired. But the influence of the danger overcame all other considerations; the old English Whigs, the lovers of order as well as freedom, were roused to exertion; the Conservatives threw in their weight to support a painful but unavoidable measure, and amidst the execrations of the Revolutionists, the Coercion Bill was passed into a law. Ireland and Ireland another example of the eternal truth, that revolutionary violence sooner or later terminates in military despotism. The unwelcome act of vigorous government, produced the desired result; the determination of Government had the effect of overawing without recurring to actual deeds of severity; and although only one county was proclaimed under the Coercion act, the extraordinary growth of violence was suddenly checked, nor crimes at once fell to a fourth of their former amount; and while the agitators were loudly declaiming in Parliament upon the extinction of her liberties, she was gradually regaining that first of political blessings, a tolerable security of life and property.

But while a necessary though tardy recurrence to conservative principles producing these admirable effects in one part of the empire, the consequences of the vast ascendancy of urban multitudes fatally appeared in another. It had been uniformly predicted by the opponents of reform, that it would lead to a practical vesting of the powers of government in the population of great cities; and that on any subject on which they were strongly excited, it would be found impossible to resist their mandates, how clear soever it might be, that they would lead to the ruin of the best interests of the empire, and consign helpless multitudes to irretrievable indigence and ruin. The truth of this was soon apparent. The West India had long been the object of impassioned and vehement invective, not only with the democratic but the religious portion of the community; and numbers of pious and good men, influenced by the painful picture which was drawn of the evils of slavery, and desirous of striking off its fetters from a portion of their fellow-subjects had strenuously endeavored to effect the total and immediate abolition of negro slavery. In vain the Conservatives argued, that, benevolent and estimable as these objects were, the measure proposed would instantly defeat them; that the slaves of the West Indies were as yet, generally speaking, incapable of bearing the excitement of instantaneous emancipation, that the experiment had been tried with the most fatal effects, both to the planters and the negroes, in St Domingo; that the industry of that splendid colony had signally declined, its cultivation of sugar totally ceased, since a similar measure had been adopted in regard to its inhabitants, and the liberated bondsmen fallen under a yoke of surpassing severity without any of its benefits; and that similar results must necessarily be expected from the adoption of similar measures, in the British West India Islands, with this additional circumstance of evil, that it would lead to the eventual destruction of that branch of our commerce, which at present employed 250,000 tons of shipping, and had always been considered as the great nursery of our seamen. They might as well have spoken to the wind. The populace of great cities highly excited on the subject, and at an expense of twenty millions to the parent state, which the Justice and armaments of Mr. Stanley procured for the planters amidst loud complaints from the Revolutionists, who longed for unmitigated abolition, the slaves in all these colonies were at once set free.

What have been the consequences of this immense change? Are the West Indian negroes more contented, more free, more industrious, more happy, under the benighted magistracy, and their former owners? Is the military flag, to which they now are subjected, as much more desirable than the permission of thirty-nine lashes administered to their old masters? No facts, not a single fact, answer the question. In St. Lucia, the whole negroes broke out into open insurrection; military force was employed to subdue them, and at the very moment that the late tainted philanthropists in this country were celebrating, by public breakfast, the first extinction of slavery in the British dominions, three hundred negroes in that island alone received, as the first earnest of their liberty, three hundred lashes each. N. MARY THOMAS and LAMARCA were involved in a single week in one hundred and eleven floggings, and a greater mass of suffering, endured by the unhappy victims of European philanthropy, in that short period, within those narrow limits, than a century before. In Demerara, a continued series of outrages have gone on; multitudes have been flogged, seven-and-thirty transported, and blood has even fallen on the soil; in Barbadoes, amidst similar distressing consequences, fourteen thousand children, turned out of the public hospitals, have been thrown into a state of destitution, and the state of misery in which they are left, calculated to destroy, in a few years, the hopes of future generations. In Jamaica, an unsuccessful sard's insurrection is going forward; the system of passive resistance to law, of most conspiracy, is at work. Lord Sligo, an urgent formal, demands an increase of military force and stipendiary magistracy; regiment from all quarters are hastening to the scene of danger; fifty thousand soldiers have been sent out; the system of military conflagration has begun, and amidst universal anxiety, uneasiness, and agitation, labour of every sort has been so much neglected, that the island is not expected next year to produce a third of its average crop of sugar. It is easy to see what is to be the result of such a perilous state of things. The cultivation of the island will gradually cease; the planters, already on the brink of ruin, will become bankrupts; the enormous expense of the stipendiary magistracy, and of this criminal police, which all comes off the treaty millions, will either away the compensation to the unhappy planters; ruin and starvation will overtake the wretched negroes, and after a violent struggle between the Government's overseers and African insurrection, and infinite suffering, perhaps great bloodshed, as was the case with the numbers of these miserable victims, the hopeless task will be abandoned, and Jamaica remain in savage anarchy, and groaning under the rule of savage tyranny, as memorable a monument of English, as St Domingo is of French, cruelty.

But the worst part of this woeful tale remains to be told. Anticipating the probable, or rather certain, decline of colonial produce in the British islands, the other slave colonies of the globe are making unceasing efforts, by the importation of additional slaves, to fill up the gap, and already the slave trade is increasing rapidly in every part of the southern hemisphere. The emancipation of St. Domingo, by totally destroying the growth of sugar in that island, has already raised the annual importation of human beings into the slave colonies of the world from fifty to two hundred thousand a year; but is it to be feared, from the unexampled activity now exhibited in that detestable traffic, in anticipation of a similar ruin to the British islands, even that stupendous amount will soon greatly increase. And thus, while the well-meaning but unhappy measure will reduce the British West India islands in the end to the anarchy and wretchedness of St Domingo, and involve in irretrievable ruin and suffering a population of 800,000 souls, who, the Whigs themselves admit, were "enjoying a state of comfort," prior to the change, "superior to any peasantry in Europe," the incessant traffic in human flesh will quadruple in amount over the whole world, and other slave colonies be doomed to the wretched condition, inseparable from those who are first imported, but which, in the British islands, from long residence there, had gradually improved into one of comparative comfort.

Turn to the East Indies,—what a long vista of calamities must the prophetic eyes of experienced anticipate in that splendid and matchless colony! Not to mention the present state of the Chinese trade, which appears to be fast degenerating into a competition of druggies and adulterations

of genuine tea with each other, what tremendous consequences must in the end result from the extinction of the East India Company as a mercantile body, and consequent subjection of India, with its countless millions, and boundless local and peculiar interests, to the direct control of the British Parliament? Is the House of Commons, as it is at present constituted, and as it must continue to be constituted under any administration, so very cautious and deliberate in its determinations, so thoroughly well informed on Eastern affairs, so leader of the interests and prejudices of its Eastern subjects, so firmly resolved to hold the balance even between the unrepresented millions of Hindostan, and the represented multitudes of Great Britain, as to give reason to hope for a long continuance of the unparalleled prosperity, stability and glory, which has hitherto attended the British empire on the shores of the Ganges? Are the ideas, habits, and prejudices of a popular assembly in this country, in which British prejudice and democratic feeling have at least their due ascendancy, likely to quadruple in the long run, with the government requisite for the management of a vast and distant empire, won by the sword, and depending even more than that of Napoleon on the prestige of military glory?

Already the ruinous effects of the democratic tendency of the parent state have been painfully conspicuous, and a step has been taken, which promises, as its ultimate result, to shake our Eastern empire to its foundations. Yielding to the popularity for economy in this country, transferring to a great military monarchy in the East the ideas of a democratic European state, Government have ventured there upon the bold, the most desperate step, of at once reducing by a third the whole military establishment of India. The native troops have all been reduced in every branch of the army, from 1000 to 555 men, had the allowances of those retained grossly diminished. For the dismissed officers and privates no provision whatever has been made; and yet belonging, as they almost all do, to the soldier caste, they have, and can obtain, no other means of subsistence. The consequence, of course, has been, that the great majority of such

have existed in the service of the native powers, and transferred to them our latest improvements in discipline, tactics, engineering, gunnery, and all the branches of the military art. The elegance and efficiency of the subalterns and privates who remain have been seriously shaken by this ill-judged step, and although we may, under any circumstances of ill usage, reckon on the fidelity of our gallant European officers, yet who will secure the allegiance of the numerous seditious subalterns and privates, professing a different religion, influenced by different hostile feelings, and retained to our standards only by the strong bond of individual interests? This is the true effect, but it may possibly be the first and fatal effect of the government of India by the means of a popular European assembly; and it affords an example of the perils which may be anticipated from extending to that distant empire, won by the sword, and held by so frail a tenure, the ideas and habits which suited an old established, stable, and compact European monarchy.

Consider the situation of our foreign relations; in what state have they been left by the Whig Cabinet? Great and glorious as was the reputation which they recovered with the British empire from their predecessors, it has almost been obliterated by the wretched policy pursued by their successors. Their principle seems to have been to depart in every instance from the system of those who preceded them, without any regard to its probable effect upon the fate or prospects of the British empire. Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh opposed France, therefore they contracted a close and cordial union with the Throne of the Bourbons. Mr. Pitt waged a long and costly war to rescue Antwerp from France, and preserve a barrier in Flanders against German ambition, therefore they stipulated for the destruction of that barrier, and united their naval force to its ruin; to wrench the citadel of Antwerp, or, at least an expense by Napoleon in order to house this country, from the King of Holland, and surrender it to the sea-law of Louis Philippe. Wellington gained immortal renown by overthrowing the Bonaparte with the revolutionary forces of France, therefore they delivered over Spain and Portugal to revolutionary passions, fomented a destructive civil war in both countries, and formed a quadripartite alliance for the establishing of usurping revolutionary queens on the thrones both of Lisbon and Castile. England and Germany had stood side by side through all the perils and glories of the revolutionary war, therefore they cordially united with Louis Philippe, and maintained a cold reserve towards those great central European powers, England had long upheld Turkey, and Mr. Pitt had put a brittle as the mouth of Russia in her stride towards universal Eastern dominion; therefore they abandoned Turkey when she applied to us for aid after the crisis of the battle of Koniah, and in consequence brought down the Moscovite forces to the Dardanelles, and led to the formation of a treaty which closes those formidable gates against every other power, and converts the Bosphorus into a great lake, where the Russian fleets may securely gain the experience requisite to give them the dominion of the Mediterranean. Here therefore as elsewhere, during these disastrous years, irretrievable steps have been taken; faith-plighted has been broken, honour engaged has been lost; old allies have been irreparably abandoned, hostile revolutionary intrigues have been created; and England with tarnished reputation, weakened in strength, and alienated attachment, is now left to wend her way as she best may from new born and pardon some democratic allies, to the states whose identity of interest and purport had for centuries made her friends, but recent and undeserved injury had converted into her foes.

Great as these evils, however, are, what are they all to the internal state into which they have brought the British empire? There is the irreparable evil which has been done; there the steps have been taken which can never be retraced. Not merely by the new distribution of power which they have created, but by the extravagant ideas which they have set afloat—the visionary projects which they have presented to the public—the audacity of revolutionary language which they have encouraged—they have irretrievably shaken the stability of existing institutions, and given a wound to the British empire.

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pire which a century will hardly heal. All that succeeding governments can do or attempt, is to moderate the action of the revolutionary fever, and bring the nation back, by slow degrees and a prudent cautious regimen, to a sound and healthy state. When projects for the instant emancipation of the negroes were brought forward by government one year, for a total change in the constitution another, and for the immediate spoliation of church in a third—the next men's minds were shaken as by the fall of mountains, or the yawning of an earthquake. All that was most stable, most sacred among men, seemed to be giving way before the first breath of innovation. The reckless, the ardent, the desperate, the bankrupt, the insolvent, the prodigal, the visionary, the edacious, the infidel, were brought into fearful and prominent activity; like the sea-birds, whose dry thrills in the ear of the sinking mariner, they issued from their obscurity to share in the spoils of the falling state. It is political influence bestowed upon such characters which constitutes the real danger; it is the extravagant expectations of approaching spoliation they have formed, which is the real evil with which all friends to their country have to contend. The "fruits of reform," in the estimation of such men, are nothing but undisguised robbery and licentiousness, the acquisition, first of the influence, and then of the possessions, which are now in the hands of the industrious and virtuous classes in the state; the transference to idle violence of the fruits of laborious industry; to scoffing irreligion of the funds of ancient devotion; to audacious rapacity of the gains of honest exertion. The rule of the religious, the educated, the worthy, the industrious, the conscientious classes in the state, is their real object. It is their disappointment at a change of government, which prompts a violent and such excesses, which forms the basis of the opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration; it is the prospect of being compelled to return to honest industry, for the acquisition of wealth, which renders them so fierce in their enmity against any administration which promises a return to a conservative system of government—that is, any government which professes to support property against spoliation.

"Those, indeed," says Mr. Sergeant Spink; "who consider Parliamentary Reform only a means to effect a total revolution, will be disappointed by the change. The late ministers had placed themselves in a situation in which they could not carry even safe reforms, without making, at every step, a convulsion in the state. Representing but a part of the community—having lost the confidence of a great portion of the upper ranks of the property, and the respectability, and even numbers of the country, they had no resource but to govern by active multitudes, to call in agitation upon every emergency, and to carry every doubtful measure by a sort of coup d'état. They could not conduct the business of government without making successive surrenders of every bulwark of the constitution, and, in a year or two at farthest, it must have been left naked and defenceless to its enemies. It was impossible that ministers so unfortunately situated could conduct the government steadily upon the principles of a limited monarchy with the means they possessed. In their hands every mention of reform in any of our institutions excited alarm. They had less power, therefore, even to carry salutary reforms than men of more unsuspected intentions. They had virtually subjected themselves to the party movement. By that party their system was substantially dictated and controlled. Like the foolish animals in the fable, they had to gain a temporary object given themselves a master from whom they were unable to escape, and whose pleasure they were compelled to serve."

How then, it is asked, is the new government to go on? Is it to return to the old Tory principles, to govern by means of rotten boroughs, and check the march of reform now in progress, and to passionately desired by a portion at least of the community? We answer, it will do none of these things: it is aware that the great organic change, be it for good or for evil, is irrevocable; that the support of the intelligent and influential classes is the only secure basis of government; that the public desire for improvement cannot and should not be checked. What it will do is to separate Reform from Revolution: to give what is good to the former, and arrest what is evil in the latter: to give to change all the benefits which it can confer, and withhold from convulsion all the evils with which it must be attended. In the prosecution of this great and glorious object, they have difficulties insuperable to encounter; and not the least will arise from the vast extravagant expectations of the immediate benefits to be derived to themselves from the plunder of others which the weakness of the preceding government had led the revolutionists to believe were almost within their grasp. But they will have ample opportunity to separate the wheat from the chaff, and by granting all the legitimate and safe improvements which the really respectable reformers desired, leave in their native deformity the hardened Anarchists who advocate change for other and selfish objects.

The principle of the new Ministry therefore is clear; and in carrying it into practice, they will in fact, secure to the country all the benefits which were expected to flow from reform, but which in the hands of its fierce supporters, never could have been obtained from it. They will not dam up the stream of improvement, they will only direct it into safe and fertilizing channels; they will not strive to stop the current, but endeavor to turn it from the raging descent of the cataract, into the gentle declivity which spreads blessings through every region in which it flows. They are not the enemies, on the contrary they are the truest friends of freedom; they are not the foes, they are the warmest supporters of improvement, and it is precisely because they are so that they ever have, and ever will oppose those measures which defeat the object of both: which induce, after the transports of democracy, the despotism of Robespierre, Cromwell, Napoleon, or Louis Philippe, and after the warm philanthropy of the Girondists, the bloody and selfish way of the Jacobins. It is to save the people from their worst enemies, their demagogues and agitators, that they come forward; it is to give them the reality of that of which the others amuse them only with the shadow, that they undertake the

perilous duty of directing the state at such a crisis. They would see the people prosperous, and powerful, and free; but they would also see their children as well as themselves prosperous, and powerful, and free, and therefore they would save them from those delusions and excesses which, if unhappily indulged in, cannot fail to cause a defusive gloom of popular power to be followed by a long night of suffering and slavery.

The application of these principles to every practical question which involves improvement is easy; and it is by following out in every department the principles of conservative amelioration only, that the evils which now so obviously menace society can be averted. For example, the Irish Church is at present the general object of obloquy and attack from the whole revolutionary party, because they deem it the species of property most exposed to danger, and therefore the most likely to fall a victim to their attacks. The evils complained of, and ostensibly held forth, are non-residence, pluralities, levying of tithes in kind, the real object is the extinction of the Church of England, and therefore they commence the attack in the most vulnerable quarter. The whole income of the Irish Church, so much the object of invective, is only £5,000,000 a year, since the burden laid on it by the Irish Church Reform Act. It is as the first step to ulterior things, therefore, that the destruction of this species of property is so fiercely advocated. The way to deal with this question, difficult as it may appear, is obvious. Sincerely promote improvement—sincerely revolutionize spoliation. By all means, therefore, introduce a general commutation of tithes, on principles equitable alike to the clergy and the people—remove the evils, under a due attention to existing interests, of non-residence and pluralities—equalize, under a similar attention, to a certain degree, the tithes, so as to increase the efficiency and respectability of the clergy—and, having done this, firmly resist to the uttermost any appropriation of the funds of the Church to secular purposes, or any approach to the system of admitting an Established Church only were a certain number of the inhabitants of a parish are of that faith; in other words, making the religion of the state the particular colour of the haricour.

In like manner, the existing evils of Ireland are, the sway of the agitators, the dependence of the Catholic priesthood on the deluded flock, which they wield at pleasure, the redundancy of the population, the want of employment, the destitution of the poor, the multitude of absentee landlords, and the general insecurity which prevails. The Whigs could devise no remedies for these evils, but giving the Great Agitator, after he had pleaded guilty to a criminal charge, a silk gown—proclaiming from the Castle of Dublin the mandate, "Agitate, agitate, agitate!"—abolishing the Church cess, which amounted, as a general burden, to £90,000 a year, and laying it on the clergy—and abolishing ten bishops; in other words, annihilating ten of the few remaining resident landed proprietors in the country. Let the Conservative Reformers proceed on different principles. Let them introduce, and that too right speedily, a general system of Poor Laws, directed of the evils which disfigure the English system; and in so doing close the fountain, which so long has deluged English industry with foreign misery. Let them establish a firm and unobscured administration of justice—give a ready vent to the starving multitudes of the poor in gratuitous foreign emigration—set on foot great public works to absorb them at home—and relieve the priesthood from their abject dependence on the agitators by a general provision, paid out of the funds of the Church, but the general income of the state. The same may be done in every other department. The anxious and feverish wish for the removal of evils and the progress of improvement may be rendered consistent with the most real and substantial benefits to the industrious classes, while the Revolutionists alone are denied the iniquitous advantages which they hoped to gain at others' expense, and by the certain destruction of the institutions, property, and liberties of the country.

The composition of the new Ministry offers the fairest prospect of success—much more so than could have been presented if a Cabinet had been formed on a wider basis, and embracing a greater variety of opinion. That the Ministry will be as liberal as is consistent either with the stability or improvement of our institutions, cannot admit of a moment's doubt, when the composition of the House of Commons under the Reform Bill is considered. The real danger was, that they would have been too liberal; that, under the influence of previous habits and opinions, a part of the Cabinet would have pressed forward measures inconsistent with the existence of united councils, and leading directly to a renewal of the divisions which proved so fatal to the cause of order in 1839. A repetition of such a catastrophe would have utterly ruined the Conservative party, and with them given a death-blow to the liberties of the country. Nothing could have been imagined so disastrous as a splitting of the supporters of order, now firmly united; and a second fall, not in defence of principle, or in support of the Monarchy, but from the paralyzing effect of internal dissension. As they stand now, the Cabinet are infinitely more likely to be stable and united, because it is composed of men who, to talents of the very highest order, be it for administration and debate, unite unity of principle and similarity of feeling. If they find that they cannot govern the country by entering into measures of spoliation or revolution—if a majority of the Lower House, after an appeal has been made to the better feelings of the nation, are still resolved to persist in the destructive course, let them at once resign, and let the infuriated people learn, amidst tears and suffering, the wisdom which they could not derive from reason or argument. The cause of order is never hopeless as long as a noble and virtuous party remains united in defence of the principles of religion and virtue; the real time for despondency begins when they have ruined their strength by internal dissension.

Government, however, will stand in need of the forbearance and consideration of all classes in steering the vessel of the State through the numerous shoals and breakers into the midst of which it has been plunged by the recklessness and insensibility of its predecessors. The Conser-

vatives must regard them with the eyes of indulgence. They must recollect the unparalleled difficulties with which they have to struggle, and that they may sometimes be obliged to agree to measures which they do not approve, to avoid the greater evils which may arise from refusing them. They must recollect, that the Whigs are now, as a party, destroyed—that the Reform Bill has sunk them to the bottom—that other and dearer interests are now at stake—that the country is now rapidly dividing into two classes, and two classes, only, the Conservatives and D. S. tructives, and that, if the former are overthrown, the latter will inevitably succeed. Let them recollect, that it is not now a question between Pitt and Fox, Grey or Wellington; but that of Sir Robert Peel's administration, O'Connell, the fierce Radicals and thirty Revolutionists, come at once into power. Let the moderate and conscientious, and, therefore, now conservative Whigs, consider to what a state the country will be reduced if, by uniting with the Radicals, they succeed in overthrowing a Government which is confessedly the last stay between us and a fierce and bloody Revolution. Let them recollect, that the Whigs have confessedly failed in the attempt—that Lord Melbourne's administration fell to pieces from the experienced necessity of introducing the Radicals into the Government—and that, if they overthrow the Duke of Wellington, no other power in the state will be able to oppose to them any resistance. Finally, let all the lovers of their country recollect for what a cause, and under what a leader, they are now to be engaged—that they are to struggle for all that man holds dear—their liberties, their properties, their children, their lives—that this struggle, if unsuccessful, will unquestionably be the last, and a bloody convulsion will sweep up the fading remains of English greatness. Finally, let them take example from the pacific and disinterested conduct of that illustrious man, who has recently set so noble an example of true patriotism—whom without hesitation we regard as the post of danger, when hardly any one but himself would have ventured to fill it—who alone wisdom, for a month, the calamities and falsehoods of his own and his country's enemies—and, at last, retired from the elevated station to which he had been called by his Sovereign, and conferring on others the laurels and sweet of power, reserved only for himself this and his duties, the consciousness of duty done, and the anticipation of immortality acquired.

MISS TALLANT'S PROSE AND POETRY.

Octavia Elphinstone.

This "Maui Story" is a clever piece of moral anatomy. The case is not, indeed, general; and the circumstances which effect a cure are far in the extreme. The knowledge of the de-monstrator, moreover, is neither very profound nor very extensive. There is, however, so much neatness in the dissection, such a thorough knowledge of the peculiar case, and such a charm in the mode of tracing its progress and its cure, that we can safely recommend *Octavia Elphinstone* to those readers who can do without the stimulants of a romance, and have patience to follow the minute exhibition of a wayward charmer from infancy to marriage.

The story of Octavia Elphinstone is the life of a spoiled child. She has beauty of person, grace of manner, quickness of intellect, much wit, and much wealth; but with all these advantages, she is never happy, for she has never been trained to self-control, her passions—such as a word may be applied to the whims and humors of a headstrong girl—constantly urge her to do things which at school bring with them self-humiliation and repentance, and in life involve her in difficulties. Her thoughtlessness frequently commits her to an unchecked imagination induces ideal hopes, and ideal fears, which sometimes (to alter a simile of Bacon's) strain the pegs of existence too high, and sometimes let them down too low: her wilfulness, and as it said, her selfishness, all but make shipwreck of her own happiness and of that of others. She is, however, saved by love. A Mr. Henage—whose spirit, calm good sense, and sufficiency for all occasions, require a wider field than a drawing-room to display themselves in, and whose merits we are consequently required to take somewhat upon trust—is the chosen instrument of salvation. The hero and lover is, however, marvellously assisted by a tumble. Octavia, whilst avoiding a Sir Henry Howard, with whom she had thoughtlessly got entangled, accidentally falls down a precipice, and remains exposed upon a sort of ledge for three days. She is discovered and saved by Mr. Henage; and the bride elect returns chilled, starved, subdued, and sobered. As a proof of it, she puts herself under a probationary training for goodness, before she will consent to be married. Perhaps there was a touch of the old leaves even in this—a sort of sinning even in repentance. The post-nuptial was merely to please and benefit herself—but Mr. Henage was a philosopher, and bore it patiently.

THE PET.

I'll have a doll of porphyry, with diamonds in her curls;
A rocking-horse of ivory, a skipping-rope of pearls;
I'll have a painted paper-kite, with banker's notes for wings,
A golden fiddle to play at night, with silver wire for strings.

Octavia Elphinstone was a spoiled child, who was left to her infancy by her father, an officer in the Army, to the care of Mrs. Manners, "the principal" of "an establishment for young ladies" at Twickenham. Octavia was at first the plaything, then the ornament, and always the favourite of the school. She was gifted with a lively, fearless disposition; in her actual infancy she had been indulged in every chagrin caprice. Seven sweet children had been consigned to early rest by Mrs. Elphinstone, from whom they inherited delicacy of constitution; hope, however, whispered that in this child, to whom she gave a name at once Roman and somewhat, she should be rewarded for her previous trials; but ere the leaves of intelligence had opened in her bud of promise, Mrs. Elphinstone was herself suddenly removed from the world. It was partly on that account, and partly because he knew that he should soon be bereft of her infant smiles, that Major Elphinstone weakly, but naturally (is not all weakness nature?) could not bear her to suffer the slightest contri-

dition. He quitted England and took especial care to impress on Mrs. Manners's mind, his anxiety that Octavia might not be thwarted in any thing. "She will be left," said he, "alone with scarcely a relation near her at school, with no advantage but plenty; therefore I must beg that the only approach to happiness which is open to her may never be denied to her wishes." Mrs. Manners did not think the Major's arguments sound; but the pupil came on terms too advantageous for her to venture to bander words on the subject. Octavia did not clearly understand that her papa was going away for good; he told her he was going in a boat over seas.

"Yes, on the lake," said she.

"No, my darling, a long way off."

"As far as heaven, where mamma is?" asked the child.

The father's feelings were subdued; he kissed her tenderly, and in few and broken words recommended his only child to Mrs. Manners.

Octavia accompanied a teacher into the dressing-room to have her clothes unpacked; it was soon crowded with curious little folks, eager to see the contents of the numerous trunks; their little voices were loud in praise of "love-ly frocks," and "sweet hats," and "elegant shoes." The child had so long been used to elegant and costly clothes, that she cared little about them. During the ceremony of unpacking, she knelt down on the floor and amused herself with spinning one of the three sovereigns which papa had given her—these were new to her, a little girl came and wished to spin one of the two Octavia had laid aside; the pet, however, did not choose to allow her; she fixed her little arm upon them, and forbore to beld them covered. The school called the attention of the teacher, who was of opinion that they must be given up to her care, "for fear Miss Elphinstone should put them into her mouth." These words suggested an idea which would probably never have entered the child's head; and she, as it might be said, was in her mouth, and coking, as it were, from passion as from the sovereigns, she uttered one, "I am so do as I like—papa said so, and I always have done so, and I always will."

"Mercy on us," cried the teacher, "what a spirit, and she is only four years old!"

The career of the heroine is of course minutely traced at Mrs. Manners's "establishment."

The whole of "Life at the Boarding School" is done to the life; but, for the novel reader, 2 interest of the work, perhaps rather long drawn out. This was indeed indispensable in developing the character of Octavia; but truth itself cannot impart any spirit-stirring effect to show-oughts, and school-girl schemes and conversation. Passing, therefore, the "bread and butter" part of the volume, proceed we to the tale of Maui. Here Major Elphinstone had settled, and here he takes his daughter on her quitting school. There is some want of skill displayed, in not bringing more distinctly before us the scenery of the island, or, as a geographer would say, its physical aspect; for when excursions are talked of, we cannot follow them in fancy; nor, in the most romantic adventure in the tale—the fall from the rocks—can we very clearly conceive how it takes place. The united society which congregates in spots where every day is as Sunday to a creditor, is slightly—barely—sketched. There are, however, some spirited sketches of the aristocratic portion of the Maunau; and the bearing and manners of all the characters is throughout that of good society, but not sufficiently marked to be in general striking.—Spectator.

EUROPE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

(From the Times, of Dec. and January.)

BIRTHS.

On Tuesday, the 30th inst., in King William-street, Mrs. James John, of twins.

On the 29th inst., in Hertford-street, Mayfair, the lady of William Beaman Esq., of a daughter.

On Monday, the 29th inst., Barton-park, Leicestershire, the lady of Robert Jacob Hood, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 23rd inst., Mrs. Leonard Currie, lady, of a son.

On the 26th inst., in Regent's-park, the lady of Philip Ripley, Esq., of a son.

On Sunday, the 23rd inst., at 6, Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square, Mrs. Henry Parker, of a daughter, still-born.

On the 3d Jan. in Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, the wife of Joseph F. Rose, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 5th inst., at Oak-cottage, Rotherhithe, the wife of Mr. Henry Crisall, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th inst., at St. Mary's, Lambeth, by the Rev. Dr. D'Oyley, William Clowes, Junr., Esq., of Parliament-street, to Emma, daughter of the late Thomas Lett, Esq., of Lambeth, and St. Peter's, K. M.

On Tuesday, the 30th inst., at Finsbury Church, by the Rev. Ralph Worsley, rector of that parish, Charles Pencock, Esq., of the Inner Temple, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of William Fenning, Esq., of Finsbury.

On Thursday, the 1st inst., at St. Giles's, Camberwell, by the Rev. George Storr, vicar, John M. Compton, Esq., of Finsbury-square, to Sarah, fourth daughter of John Wood, Esq., of the Kent-road.

On Saturday, the 3d inst., by the Rev. J. F. Denham, M. A., at St. Mary-le-Strand, Mr. Charles Parsons, of Gray's Inn square, and Little James-street, Bedford-row, to Amelia, daughter of Mr. Pouten, of the Strand.

At St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, on Tuesday, the 5th inst., Mr. Richard Nicholas Jenkins, of Windsor, to Mary Anne, the eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Northcroft, Chaucey-lane.

On the 1st inst., at St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. James Bawmer, of Richmond, the Rev. Cornelius Thompson, of Harley Vicarage, Oxfordshire, to Priscilla Eliza, daughter of William Crockett, Esq., of Newmarket.

DEATHS.

At Horton, on the 23rd inst., Frances Mary, youngest daughter of William Wilson Yeates, Esq., aged 12 months.

At Florence, on the 27th of November last, James Nash McGeath, Esq., Lieutenant, 16th Foot.

On the 30th inst., Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. William Thorne, of the Grov., High-st., aged 56.

At Cork, on the 9th of November, William Camine Esq., Lieutenant 10th Regiment of Foot.

On the 26th inst., in Alfred-street, aged 85, Caroline, the widow of the late William Jackson, Esq., Commissioner of Excise.

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